THE AMERICAN WEST

The illustration on the covers of this issue, the work of noted maritime artist Hewitt Jackson, re-creates a scene from the voyage of exploration to the American Northwest Coast by English navigator George Vancouver. In the picture, the armed tender *Chatham* (front cover), under command of Lieutenant William R. Broughton, joins Captain Vancouver's sloop-of-war *Discovery* (back cover) on May 29, 1792, during a charting expedition of Puget Sound. Vancouver's anchorage is off Restoration Point, about halfway between the sites of present-day Seattle and Tacoma. Mount Rainier, sighted and named by the expedition three weeks earlier, dominates the skyline. This and other drawings by Hewitt Jackson are the product of painstaking archival and on-site research, a mastery of historical marine architecture, and his own lifetime at sea under sail and steam. A portfolio of work by this dean of Northwest maritime artists appears in this issue beginning on page 36.

COVER PAINTING: PRIVATE COLLECTION (SEATTLE)

MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO

Shyly obliging the photographer, two little girls pose against an outdoor oven at San Ildefonso Pueblo, New Mexico, in about 1936. They are charming members of a group of American Indians who inspired a reversal in popular attitudes among Anglo observers at the beginning of the twentieth century. By 1900 the consensus was that Indian culture was near its end. But within a few years, that conclusion was canceled by a developing romantic idealization of Pueblo Indian culture, embracing every aspect of Pueblo life. The reasons behind this phenomenon were varied, but the personal aspirations of a few important individuals were significant. For an analysis of the romantic idealization of Pueblo culture, turn to page 5.

COLLECTION OF THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, FORT WORTH

SALOONS in the frontier West ran the gamut from plush, ornate establishments to crude retreats offering a makeshift bar and wooden boxes for chairs. The most common and versatile business of its day, the frontier saloon filled numerous social needs. It was a popular place of congregation—for relaxing over a friendly drink and catching up with local news, for socializing with the girls provided by the management, and for satisfying the common western penchant for gambling. The saloon was also the site of much of the violence of the frontier. In *Smoke of a .45* (above) Charles M. Russell vigorously depicts the sudden and deadly eruption of gunplay following a bout of drinking and gambling at "The Palace." For a pictorial on saloons in the Old West, turn to page 14.

THE AMERICAN WEST
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THE ROMANTIC INFLATION OF PUEBLO CULTURE

by Richard H. Frost

IN THE CLOSING YEARS of the nineteenth century, the Indian tribes of the United States suffered a degradation in the minds of Americans to an extent that had not previously been reached. The wars of conquest and subjugation were over, the freedom and romance of primitive man in nature gave way to reservation disease and squalor, and the scattered survivors were supposed to have no alternatives but racial extinction or assimilation. Popular interest in Indians might be literary, historical, religious, or scientific, but where the intent was not escapist, it was a salvage interest, a desire to rescue the Indians, or to find out more about their former ways while there was time. Indian culture was believed finished, its termination marked by the disappearance of the buffalo, the surrender of Geronimo, and the tragedy of Wounded Knee. The American Indian was thus symbolized by James Earle Fraser's dramatic representation of a mounted plains warrior at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, the famous statue called "The End of the Trail."

At the same time there emerged in American consciousness a minor but positive note of appreciation for a remote cluster of tribes in the upper Rio Grande valley, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. The Pueblos had been known to Americans ever since Zebulon Pike set foot in that Spanish province, but until the 1880s there was only marginal interest in them. Through most of the nineteenth century, they failed the popular Indian stereotypes. They were not nomadic warriors but agriculturalists living in permanent adobe villages—nominally Christian, civilized, Spanish-speaking Indians who owned their lands in the manner of municipalities, sold food in the local markets, and suffered just as Mexicans and Americans did from marauding Navajos. Apart from a pervasive belief that the Pueblos worshipped snakes and Montezuma, and were closely related to the Aztecs, there was little romance about them. The Pueblos were marginal to the Indian frontier and hence were largely ignored.

Starting about 1890 and growing rapidly after 1910, a new attitude emerged. By the 1920s, in the popular mind the Pueblos were the most interesting of the American Indian tribes. Their positive qualities had grown larger than life. They were admired as ceremonialists and artists. Their pottery was sought by discriminating connoisseurs and curio-hunters. The beauty of their villages was interpreted in oil paintings displayed in prestigious eastern art galleries. Books and magazines sympathetically portrayed Pueblo life, and the style of their architecture inspired the remodeling of the capital city of New Mexico. The Pueblo Indian romance, a generation in the making, was fully ripe. For this remarkable transformation of popular attitudes, there were a number of causes.

The romance of the Pueblo Indians is, first and foremost, the romance of Pueblo Indian country—the great upland plateau of northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona. The Pueblo country extends from the Sangre de Cristo, Sandia, and Manzano mountain ranges on the eastern side of the Rio Grande to the Little Colorado

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The beginning of the twentieth century witnessed the development of a romantic idealization of Pueblo Indian culture. Having its genesis in an appreciation for the spectacular beauty of the New Mexico homeland of the Pueblos, this idealization was nurtured by artists, writers, and publicists of many kinds. Among the most admired features of Pueblo culture was its architecture, which set the style for the rebuilding of Santa Fe. About 1927 Victor Higgins, a popular painter of the New Mexican scene, offered his celebration of native architecture and its harmonious relationship to the surrounding mountains in his Pueblo of Taos *(left).*

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL; COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

Anglo admiration for Pueblo culture extended to details of everyday life. Pueblo religion, ceremonies, and art were highly praised. This woman of the Santa Clara Pueblo, photographed in 1916, demonstrates the dignified grace needed to ascend a ladder while balancing a clay water jug on her head. The pot is an example of Pueblo pottery that was eagerly sought by collectors.

valley, the San Francisco mountains, and the eastern approaches of the Grand Canyon. It extends north and south from Taos Pueblo to the ruins of Gran Quivira, from the San Juan valley to the Zuni Mountains. The concept is ethnological, encompassing the eastern Pueblos, the Zuni, Hopi, and the Navajo; it is historical, encompassing the early Spanish settlements of the upper Rio Grande and the outer limits of the Franciscan missions to the Pueblos; it is archaeological, encompassing most of the cliff dwellings and ruins of the Anasazi; and it is also geographical, being for the most part semiarid mesa country, interspersed with timbered mountain ranges, lying west of the southwestern plains and east of true desert country. Its two largest communities were Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

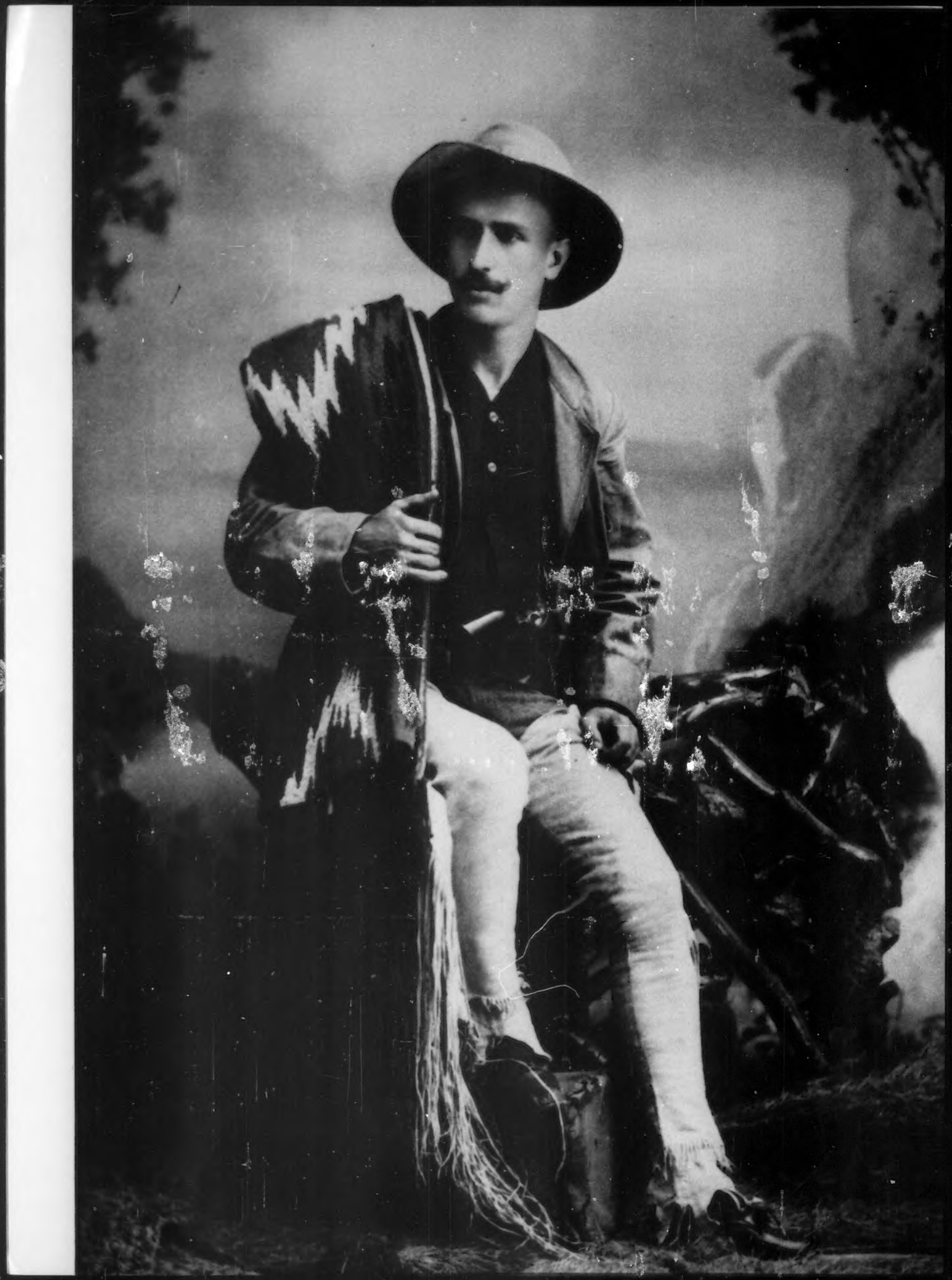
The reaction of Americans to this mesa land shaped their reaction to the Pueblo Indians. In mid-nineteenth century, from the 1840s to the 1870s, relatively few Americans were in New Mexico, and those few were generally there because they could not avoid it—because they were in military or government service, or because the search for health or material gain detained them. Travelers' accounts of New Mexico stress the long, dusty distances, poor roads, isolated and poverty-stricken villages, inadequate accommodations, and the barren landscape. Being in New Mexico was a necessity; the area was distant from the paths of fellow Americans, sparsely inhabited by Mexicans, lacking in prosperous farms, mines, or seaports, and devoid of refinements. Santa Fe, the capital of the territory, was despised: a ramshackle, impoverished collection of one-story adobe dwellings, variously described by disappointed Americans as a prairie-dog town, a brickkiln, or a collection of flatboats grounded on a dusty plain.

New Mexico attracted American settlers slowly in comparison with Colorado, California, and other parts of the West whose natural resources were more attractive and whose Indians had all been quieted. The non-Indian population of New Mexico, consisting primarily of the long-established Spanish-Americans, was just over 80,000 in 1860 and 90,000 in 1870. New Mexico remained a dry, remote, uninviting land. These were the primary perceptual conditions as late as 1880, and it should not be surprising that the Pueblo Indians counted for little among the observers. Governor David Meriwether, for example, saw the Pueblos as peaceful and friendly, and was more concerned with the problems of the marauding tribes; in his memoirs he does not mention having visited a single Pueblo village.

The railroad came to the Pueblo country in 1880 and changed it permanently. The arrival of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe was hailed by the settlers in anticipation of the commerce and prosperity it would bring. "New Mexico has hitherto been little known in the east," the *Santa Fe New Mexican* editorialized, "but this is now changed. With easy rapid communication assured, her wonderful advantages can now be heralded to the world." By 1885 the main line extended on to California, and the Pueblo country was linked with both coasts. Santa Fe and Albuquerque were now but a couple of days from San Francisco or Chicago. The same was true for the Rio Grande pueblos, whose lands the Santa Fe and the Denver and Rio Grande railroads built across. Only the Hopi villages in Arizona remained genuinely isolated, and even they could be reached by a couple of days' journey in a buckboard wagon.

With the railroad came vacationers and tourists, archaeologists and anthropologists. (It is pertinent to recall that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe arrived ahead of Adolph F. Bandelier, the father of southwestern anthropology.) Health-seekers also came and the whole support system of the railroad itself; new communities sprang up at places like Gallup to service the railroad line and its travelers. Albuquerque, with its new railroad yards, mills, tanneries, wool merchants, banks, and the state university, grew from a population of less than 2,700 in 1880 to nearly 9,000 in 1900, and over 14,000 in 1910. The population of New Mexico as a whole rose to 310,000 by 1910. The railroads were not the only cause of this growth, but they encouraged it. Americans in substantial numbers were taking advantage of New Mexico's climate, cheap land, and undeveloped resources.

NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



To the adventurous Charles Lummis, New Mexico represented freedom and the opportunity to demonstrate his will in a contest with nature. Lummis embraced the life of the Pueblos with affectionate enthusiasm, living among them as a brother. A prolific writer, he extolled Pueblo virtues in numerous books and articles, becoming their most influential publicist.

IN THE 1880s there were still a few travelers through the Southwest who scorned to use the railroad. Charles F. Lummis, a young, Harvard-educated newspaperman, set out from Cincinnati in September 1884 to walk to the west coast and write up his experiences each week for the *Los Angeles Times*, whose staff he was about to join as city editor. His route took him through the Pueblo country, where he visited San Ildefonso, Tesuque, and Isleta. Subsequently, after several years of compulsive overwork in Los Angeles, Lummis suffered a paralysis of his left side. He resigned his job and returned to New Mexico for physical and mental recuperation, spending much of the next four years at Isleta Pueblo, living with Indians and with Mexican friends, writing, and exploring the mesa, canyon, and pueblo country. This was the apprenticeship of the man who became the master publicist of the Southwest.

The decade of the 1890s was Lummis's period of prolific publication on the Southwest. Between 1891 and 1900 he wrote many articles and no fewer than eight books dealing with the region; from 1894 to 1909 he edited a magazine in Los Angeles, *Out West* (originally titled *Land of Sunshine*), that promoted southwestern regionalism; and in 1911 he founded the Southwest Museum of ethnology in Los Angeles. Most of his books went through extensive reprintings. In the 1920s he added further southwestern titles. The National Union Catalog today has more than 130 separate entries of Lummis publications and editions, which reflect both his enormous outpouring and the popularity with which it was received during his lifetime. Lummis's reputation today is a curious mixture of appreciation and neglect. Among southwesterners and lovers of the Southwest, Lummis is honored, his position secured by three book-length biographical studies and by the preservation of his home near Pasadena as a state historical landmark. But among American intellectual and national literary historians, he is nearly forgotten. He was not a great author; an essayist and short-story writer, he never wrote a novel, and his creative powers compare unfavorably with talented southwestern literary figures such as Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Mary Austin, and Oliver La Farge. But Lummis was an enormously enthusiastic interpreter of the Pueblo country, and the earliest one. He gathered a large following out of sheer exuberance, incessant activity, and undying fascination for "the Southwest," a term which he originally propagated.

The wellsprings of Lummis's attraction to the Southwest have never been fully probed. It is only from latter-day conditioning that we assume that writers on the region naturally favor it, but the origins of that conditioning lie with Lummis himself. The sources of his fascination were three-fold. First, New Mexico represented the personal fulfillment of his desire to be a perfectly free, self-directed man. When he cut his ties with the *Los Angeles Times*, he cut his ties with employers, urban conventions, and with his wife Dorothea. At Isleta Pueblo all the accustomed restrictions dissolved. There he found what he believed was his true identity. He also found that he could make a bare living through free-lance writing, and he never returned to a payroll or "put on a collar" again. At first the Indians disapproved of a white man residing in their midst, but later accepted him, some becoming close friends.

The second source was more deeply psychic and attitudinal: New Mexico was the arena where, several times, Lummis dealt with his physical afflictions through sheer force of will, coping with paralysis on one visit and blindness on the other, meeting fully the needs of ordinary daily life and making herculean demands of his handicapped body. The afflictions eventually disappeared—in the case of the paralysis, after three years it was dramatically cured at Isleta, due unquestionably to the psychosomatic healing that accompanied healthy outdoor living, the joys of his second marriage, and freedom from constraints. To Lummis, New Mexico represented the triumph of will over adversity and the successful achievement of happiness and health.

Third, more darkly, the Southwest fascinated Lummis because it was his arena of conflict with death. He had many brushes with death during his lifetime. He courted them as a boy, as a teen-ager, and as an adult. On Lummis's

Continued on page 56

COURTESY OF KEITH LUMMIS
FROM "CHARLES F. LUMMIS: THE MAN AND HIS WEST" BY TURBESÉ LUMMIS FISKE AND KEITH LUMMIS (UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, 1975)

THE GREAT SPINDLETOP OIL RUSH

THERE WAS A TIME, WITHIN THE MEMORY OF LIVING MEN, WHEN AMERICA'S OIL RESERVES SEEMED INEXHAUSTIBLE.

by James C. Simmons

JANUARY 10, 1901. ON A LITTLE KNOB of land three men, mud-caked and exhausted, labor in the shadow of a wooden derrick which towers sixty feet above the flat expanse of empty prairie in this southeast corner of Texas, a few miles from the Gulf coast. Suddenly a distant rumble comes from deep underground, and the men scatter quickly. The well begins to spurt a thick mixture of mud and water, and then tons of four-inch pipe shoot out of the hole, bouncing off the crossbeams of the derrick like so many pieces of giant spaghetti. Soon everything is quiet again. The men return to survey the damage and find the platform a shambles. Next, without warning there is a sound like a cannon-shot, and a heavy plug of mud shoots out of the hole, followed by a deafening roar as thousands of cubic feet of gas escape. A moment later, a great column of thick, black oil gushes skyward for twice the height of the derrick before cresting and falling back to earth as a greasy shower. The hundreds of townspeople from nearby Beaumont who hurried out that afternoon to gape in awe could not have known that such a sight had been seen only once before, in distant Russia.

Thus, the great Spindletop oil field was born, and the roar of that first gusher was heard around the world. Virtually overnight, the field established America as the world's foremost producer of oil and secured for the country an almost unlimited supply of energy to fuel the tremendous industrial expansion of the first half of the twentieth century. Spindletop marked the beginning of the age of gasoline. Out of Spindletop and its successors, came the automobile and airplane industries, improved rail and marine transportation, and all the comforts and conveniences of the age of petroleum. The modern oil industry, including such giants as Gulf and Texaco, and much of its technology were born at Spindletop. And the monopoly over production and distribution long enjoyed by the Standard Oil Company began to die there.

In December of 1900 before Spindletop was brought in, the center for the American oil industry lay in the eastern United States. The 37,000 wells in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia accounted for seven-eighths of the fifty-eight million barrels produced annually in the U.S. Most of the wells yielded only a few barrels each day, and then only at the urging of small pumps. The Standard Oil Company controlled thirty-one percent of the total domestic production and eighty-eight percent of all distribution. It set the price of oil at $1.13 a barrel.

Pattillo Higgins changed all that. It was his persistence that finally unleashed the gusher of oil at Spindletop. Higgins was a one-armed brickmaker, a self-educated man whose formal education stopped after the fourth grade. One afternoon in the late 1880s, Higgins took his Baptist Sunday School class on a picnic four miles south of Beaumont. They visited Spindletop Springs and its nearby hill, which rose twenty-five feet above the surrounding prairie. Higgins punched a cane into the ground and lit a flame as gas escaped. It was fun for the children but intriguing to Higgins; he made a mental note to come back to learn more about it.

Soon afterwards, Higgins journeyed through the East to study brickyards. He learned that modern brickyards had converted from coal to gas or oil for their major fuel, because both gave off more consistent heat. His interest whetted, the young man visited several oil fields in Pennsylvania. He studied closely the geological formations in the vicinity of the fields and then brought his nose into play, sniffing the air for telltale signs of gas. Higgins also tasted the waters of springs in the fields and soon learned that water near oil wells had a distinctive taste, often like sulphur or kerosene. He remembered the hill near Spindletop Springs outside Beaumont. But the experts all assured him that no substantial deposits of oil would ever be found in Texas. The area lacked the proper formations, they said.

Returning to Beaumont, Higgins again visited Spindletop Springs and its hill. He studied the earth formation, smelled the air, and tasted the water. Everything indicated to him that vast quantities of oil lay just below the surface. In a book on petroleum geology published by the government, Higgins found categorical denial that any oil-bearing rock formations would be discovered in the Texas–Gulf Coast area, but he was not convinced. The hill was for sale: $6,550 for 1,077 acres. In 1892 Higgins formed a company in partnership with several prominent Beaumont businessmen, bought the land, and drilled three wells. Each time, the drillers were frustrated either by a thick layer of quicksand at 500 feet or a hard-rock formation at 600 feet. Higgins insisted they had to go deeper, using different drilling equipment, and that oil would be found at the 1,000 foot level.

The three dry holes cost Higgins the confidence of his business associates who refused to commit any additional money to the venture. Higgins took up the real estate business but retained his interest in the hill, even though much of the land was sold to pay debts. He was determined to sink another well using the proper equipment to penetrate the hard-rock formations below the hill. However, in order to raise the money, he needed to have his theories confirmed by a respectable geologist. In 1898 he wrote to the office of the state geologist and asked that a specialist be sent to give an opinion. A few days later, Mr. William Kennedy, an assistant geologist, arrived in Beaumont, listened patiently to Higgins's theories, and accompanied him to Spindletop Springs. At the end of the day, Kennedy advised Higgins that "you are wasting your time and your money if you are looking for oil or gas on the coastal prairie." Higgins was stunned. "Your theories are without scientific

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Opposite: Spindletop's Boiler Avenue during its heyday in 1903 reflected the densest drilling in Texas. The great discoveries at the field, near Beaumont, Texas, signaled a new oil age for the United States.

basis," Kennedy added. Two weeks later he forwarded a letter to Beaumont's only newspaper making public his conclusions and advising the townspeople "not to fritter away their dollars in the vain search for oil in the Beaumont area."

After that, Higgins found it impossible to raise capital in Beaumont. Indeed, most of the townspeople now looked upon him as slightly crazy, a town eccentric cursed with an obsession. Friends started avoiding him in the street.

IN ONE LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, Higgins advertised for a mining engineer in a New York journal, holding out the promise of vast quantities of gas and oil under a salt-dome formation outside Beaumont. He stipulated that persons replying should have both the technical expertise to drill a well through very difficult geological formations and also the financial connections to underwrite the expenses.

Only one man answered the ad, Capt. Anthony F. Lucas, a mining engineer of Slavic origins. His special interest was salt domes, and he had spent several years in Louisiana studying them. His experiences there made him think that Higgins's theories were correct. Lucas moved quickly to refinance the defunct company and to hire men and equipment capable of drilling more deeply than before. Lucas insisted upon using a rotary rig, one that revolved into the earth like a screw, instead of the older type that hammered the bit like a nail.

At 10:30 A.M. on January 10, 1901, when the first well blew in, Higgins was in a neighboring county selling real estate and trying to recover some of his losses. Later that day when he returned to Beaumont, heard the news, and found himself a celebrity, a townsman asked him if he was not surprised. "Not exactly," Higgins replied with a smile. "Don't you remember that I've been telling everyone for more than ten years that this would happen?"

Lucas found oil at 1,160 feet below the hill, exactly where Higgins said he would. The gusher roared in with a force and violence far in excess of anything previously witnessed in this country. And as the hours passed, the flow increased. Captain Lucas studied the black fountain gushing 150 feet into the air and asked quietly, "Now that we have her, boys, how are we going to close her up?" Engineers from the Standard Oil Company visited the site and estimated the well's flow at that time in excess of 75,000 barrels per day. The well ran wild for nine days before it was finally capped; during that time it spread almost one million barrels of oil over the plain.

The Spindletop oil strike quickly became even bigger

AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE

As a result of the persistence of Pattillo Higgins, the greatest oil gusher the world had seen roared at Spindletop on January 10, 1901. Brought in by Captain Anthony F. Lucas, the well initially produced between 75,000 and 100,000 barrels a day.

news than the Klondike gold rush of 1898. Within forty-eight hours, the story had broken on the front pages of most American and European newspapers. It was clear even to casual observers that the industrial potential of the strike was immense. And the production figures that emerged were staggering. The Lucas well number one alone accounted for almost one-sixth of the nation's entire production of petroleum in 1901. By late spring, the field's first six wells had a combined flow greater than all the world's other wells. By the end of the year, 138 wells with derricks covered the hill. There were steel storage tanks with a total capacity of 2,825,000 barrels and hastily erected, earthen reservoirs capable of holding hundreds of thousands of additional barrels. An official from Standard Oil visited Spindletop in late spring and left muttering, "Too big, too big; more oil here than will supply the world for the next century—not for us!"

Overnight, Beaumont became a boomtown, its population tripling to 30,000 in less than three months. Tents, one-room shacks, saloons, and gambling houses were raised to handle the flow, but still the people came. Six trains daily plus specials were scheduled into Beaumont from Houston, and they were always fully booked (the Texas railroads advertised, "In Beaumont You'll See a Gusher Gushing!"). Downtown Beaumont became a carnival of wild speculation. Land and leases were sold without titles or abstracts and at all hours of the day or night. As the prices of land near the Spindletop field reached astronomical prices, speculators started bidding up the values of other salt domes along the coast, always hoping that each would become a second Spindletop. A reporter on the scene in early 1902 noted: "Thousands of acres of this land 150 miles from Beaumont have sold for as much as $1,000 an acre. Land within the proven field has sold for nearly $1,000,000 an acre, $900,000 having recently been paid for one acre. No sales were made for less than $200,000 an acre. Spindletop today may be justly assessed at a valuation of $500,000 an acre, or $100,000,000 for the field. Two years ago it could have been bought for less than $10 an acre."

Success stories were as commonplace as the wooden derricks on the hill. Men bought leases for $20,000 in the morning and sold them in the afternoon for $50,000. A commissary clerk had recently bought four acres on the hill with his savings of $60 because he feared he might squander his money foolishly. The boom came along, and he sold out for $100,000. A certain Mrs. Sullivan ran a pig farm near the hill, and every morning she made the rounds in Beaumont in a dilapidated buckboard wagon, collecting garbage for her pigs. She sold out in the early days of the boom for $35,000 and went right back to garbage-collecting the next day. Beaumont was the mecca for fortune hunters, but for every man who got rich there, hundreds lost every cent they had.

Continued on page 61

SPINDLETOP TODAY

SPINDLETOP is one example of a geologic phenomenon known as a salt dome. Occurring along the Gulf Coastal Plain, these domes were formed when plugs of salt forced their way up through the stratigraphic layering of marine sediments where oil had been produced by the numerous hydrocarbon-fixing organisms buried there. Sands and cavities allowed the oil to collect in recoverable concentrations as a result of the fracturing and tilting of the layers of sandstone. On the surface above a salt dome, the earth typically has a distinctive bulge, appearing as a roughly circular low hill. At one time Spindletop had an elevation of twenty-six feet above sea level in an area averaging only ten feet.

Today the rise that marked Spindletop is barely noticeable. There is a significant subsidence of the land surface over one-quarter of The Hill, due to the mining of sulphur in the late 1940s and early 1950s. During that period the lease holders removed the houses and abandoned equipment that remained from Spindletop's oil boom days. The clearing away of rotting and rusted structures from the field was a safety measure, designed to eliminate a source of industrial liability. At the time there was no realization that historically important memorabilia were being destroyed.

Production of oil continues on Spindletop, but the field's importance as a producing pool is long past. The Hill is practically barren now. A few pump-jacks are working, and an occasional work-over rig stands up to the sky. But the evidence of America's major oil boom is gone.

To commemorate the single most important oil find in the United States, the Beaumont Bicentennial Commission constructed Gladys City Boomtown in 1975. Located near The Hill and adjoining the campus of Lamar University in south Beaumont, Gladys City is a reconstruction of one of the original boomtowns on Spindletop. There and in the Spindletop Museum located nearby, one may examine artifacts and numerous exhibits relating to the heyday of Spindletop.

Visitors can see The Hill alongside West Port Arthur Road, immediately to the south of highways 69, 96, and 287, near Beaumont, and only one mile off the main highway. From the road, visitors can observe a number of small pump-jacks and wooden oil storage tanks and the depression resulting from subsidence. Immediately to the south and marking the southern edge of The Hill are production facilities of the Amoco Production Company pumping from the flank oil discovered in 1926 by the Yount-Lee Oil Company.

INFORMATION ON SPINDLETOP TODAY (ABOVE) PROVIDED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF DAVID L. HARTMAN OF THE SPINDLETOP MUSEUM, BEAUMONT, TEXAS

KEATING'S TUNNEL SALOON, FLORENCE, ARIZONA
ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE SALOON
A FRONTIER INSTITUTION

by Elliott West

IN THE IMAGINARY WEST, that violent and virile land of the paperback, the silver screen, and the picture tube, the saloon looms large and all but unavoidable. There, we seem to believe, the western hero feels most at home, and there his world comes most sharply into focus.

It was, after all, in a cowtown barroom that the Virginian warned Trampas, "When you call me that, *smile*," and in another that Shane gunned down Jack Wilson and the Riker brothers. The frontier without a saloon? We might just as well try to think of "Gunsmoke" without seeing Matt, Doc, and Miss Kitty in the Long Branch washing down the dust of Dodge City with a round of the usual.

This popular version, however distorted, is well grounded in fact. Saloons were the most common and versatile retail businesses of the urban frontier. Whether housed in prefabricated buildings at the end of a rail line, tents in a mining camp, adobe hovels in an army post, or the substantial stone of a cattle-town business block, saloons were an important and natural part of life in the West.

Their appearance there was not accidental. In the early nineteenth century, consumption of liquor in the United States soared to new heights, as much as ten gallons of pure alcohol per year for every adult American, according to one estimate. During these same years, frontiersmen were surging beyond the Appalachian Plateau, and it seems that they drank with even greater enthusiasm than their eastern cousins. In river ports and market towns and along toll roads and traces, taverns and inns appeared to slake the thirsts of the westering pioneers.

By mid-century this alcoholic orgy showed signs of

EL PASO SALOON, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

slackening in some parts of the nation, but those who pushed on to settle the Pacific coast and then the Rockies and plains brought with them the habits of their society's besotted past. A kind of social momentum and the conditions of life on the far western frontier created a hefty demand for liquor and a place to sell it. The result was the saloon.

No one can say with certainty how many saloonkeepers handed their wet goods across rough, pine planks and polished mahogany, but they must have numbered in the thousands. Probably because the most dedicated customers were around for just a few weeks, only ten to fifteen saloons operated in cattle towns like Abilene or Wichita during their heyday. Mining and lumber camps, on the other hand, supported large populations of working men who remained for much of the year looking for amusement and a place to wet their whistles. The total of a frontier town's barrooms often equaled that of all other businesses. In many places, a saloon could be found for every one-hundred or even fifty individuals, and in one young camp in Arizona's Santa Rita Mountains, the grogshop-to-persons ratio was an astonishing one to twenty-five.

Elliott West's The Saloon on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier *was recently published by the University of Nebraska Press.*

No wonder that visitors marveled at the diversity of styles and degrees of comfort. In a newborn town, a man would likely find only tents, brush huts, and a few crude cabins. At the other extreme were the thousands of barrooms in San Francisco, low dives like the Fierce Grizzly as well as sumptuous concert saloons and private drinking rooms. In most towns of moderate size, a customer could choose from a wide range of places with colorful names like the Alhambra, Spider Web, Road to Hell, Little Church, House of Lords, Naked Truth, and the Second Class Saloon.

On a side street he might find a cramped and dimly lit deadfall where he could buy bustskull whiskey for as little as a nickel a shot. More likely he would head for the false front of one of the common "drinking saloons" spaced along the main business streets. There, as the name implied, the business at hand was sipping and talking and at most a game of cards. If he did not mind the spittle-stained floor, a man could have a quiet and congenial time at the cost of two beers for a quarter.

On the corner of a prominent business block, the customer could squander his money at the top of the local saloon pecking-order. It might be the Alamo of Abilene, Wyman's Place of Leadville, the Crystal Palace of Tombstone, or the Gold Room of Cheyenne. Through the swing-

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

ing doors was a large, open drinking area. To one side were tables and probably the apparatus for games of roulette and faro. To the other was the bar, imported from the midwest, California, or Europe, backed by an ornately trimmed mirror and a counter of bottles and gleaming glassware. Dazzling chandeliers hung from the ceilings of the more magnificent of these places, and a variety of lithographs, murals, chromos, nudes, sporting prints, and stuffed animals adorned the walls. At once, here was a palace of masculine pleasures and a monument to the prosperity and cultural progress of the town.

The curious newcomer could tour a town's drinking spots and get an accurate view of its economic and social diversity. In these whiskey mills and gilded drinking halls, he would also feel the pulsing of the community's life. The exhausted and the busted slept slumped in chairs or on the floors. When no other space was available, men met to form local governments, name their newborn town, draw up miners' codes, and debate local and national issues of the day. Around card tables were concluded numberless sales of land, cattle, and mining properties. Flagstaff's marshal, Jerome "Sandy" Donohue, was only one of many lawmen who set up their offices in their drinking houses, and Montana Territory's first court convened in Bolt's Saloon in the town of Hell Gate. As the funnel through which much of the populace passed, a barroom was the obvious place to leave messages for expected friends and relatives and to set up a community's first post office. "Don't forget to write home to your dear old mother," admonished a sign in one resort. "She is thinking of you. We furnish paper and envelopes free, and have the best whiskey in town."

Two figures in particular, the politician and the preacher, were drawn to the saloon, for it was a fruitful reaping ground for ballots and lost souls. Proprietors usually would allow a temporary halt to drinking and gambling so itin-

SECOND CLASS SALOON, NOME, ALASKA
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON LIBRARY

erant ministers could practice their muscular brand of evangelism. Occasionally the faithful could hear a full service, like the one in Signal, Arizona, which featured a sermon, lengthy prayers, and an armed choir to insure order. Office-seekers prowled through saloons, gladhanding voters and bartering for power with rounds of free drinks. The barroom's political role did not pass with election day. During Montana's controversial legislative session of 1866, for instance, credit records of a local tavern show that Governor Thomas Francis Meagher spent enough to buy more than 2,600 drinks. His was just one such effort to lubricate the wheels of power with alcohol.

FOR ALL THESE practical uses, however, the saloon always served primarily as a place of entertainment and relaxation. In this, the frontier drinking house was hardly breaking new ground. Earlier Americans had amused themselves in "ordinaries" and rural inns, and workers in eastern cities found in the Victorian saloon a kind of poor man's social club. But the nature of frontier society heightened the need for such a place. The lack of women and families left young bucks and married men "baching it" restlessly in search of diversions. The work of the Far West was difficult and too often unrewarding; the life, mythology aside, was lonely and dull. Railroad workers during a lull in construction, drovers at the end of the trail, miners after washing their socks on Sunday, soldiers off duty for a few hours—all would head for a favorite watering hole in Cheyenne, Abilene, Virginia City, or Yuma.

There, if more formal facilities were unavailable, these western workingmen might find traveling minstrels or dramatic troupes performing before the bar or atop billiard tables. From Tombstone to Puget Sound, few events could draw a crowd more quickly than a dance. Where respect-

Text continues on page 56; pictures continue overleaf.

BARE ESSENTIALS

CREEDE, COLORADO

COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RANDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COLLECTION, CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO/LOS ANGELES

In a newborn frontier town, saloon customers could expect little more than whiskey and some sort of shelter—a tent, canvas stretched over scantlings, or a bare frame building—in which to drink it. If possible, a crude bar would be hammered together for the selling and swallowing of wet goods. With it, the saloon's utilitarian needs were met, but soon there were more sophisticated touches to cater to other appetites. At a table men could sit and talk or a gambler could wait for business. On the walls appeared male-oriented art, while a carved, imported bar or simply a hand-painted sign and deer antlers gave the first hint of refinements to come.

ALBANY COUNTY, WYOMING

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES, MUSEUMS AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

THE DEFINITIVE WESTERN SALOON

If a town prospered, it might someday boast of a place like the Cosmopolitan Saloon of Silverton, Colorado. Here earlier tendencies reached their fullest flowering. Men had plenty of room to stand and drink with boots on the bar rail or to sit at polished tables for a game of poker, faro, or roulette. No women, except the nudes on the wall, violated this masculine sanctuary. Only occasional stuffed animals betrayed a western locale, for the mahogany bar, sparkling mirror, shining fixtures, flowered wallpaper, and the barkeep's dapper dress made for a setting the thirsty customer would find both comfortable and reassuringly familiar.

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

HORSESHOE SALOON, JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS
KENNETH SPENCER RESEARCH LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

A man could drink his way from the plains to the Pacific and see practically the same features in each watering spot. Often he would pass through an "office" displaying cigars and newspapers before entering the saloon proper.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

BLACK HAWK, COLORADO

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

After paying for his pleasure, and perhaps treating those along the bar, the well-traveled customer could lapse into the universal vernacular of the saloon. Ritual and language forged an instant bond between newcomer and veteran.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HARD CHARACTERS AND SERIOUS DRINKERS

SOUTH PAW SALOON, ENCAMPMENT, WYOMING
WESTERN HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

The dress and demeanor of his drinking companions, more than the setting, might tell the traveler where he was. Like the would-be gunslinger above, some consciously played upon the familiar wild-and-wooly image of the West.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TASCOSA, TEXAS

ERWIN E. SMITH COLLECTION, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS: COURTESY OF MRS. L. M. PETTIS

The saloon was the principal public place of rest and entertainment for western laborers. There could be found the working muscle of the frontier, from dusty heel-squatters to two- and four-legged toilers of the mines.

WHITE HOUSE SALOON, CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Most saloon patrons were natural gamblers, for the decision to go west was itself a confident roll of the dice. An owner might encourage a friendly poker game, hire a house gambler, or split the winnings with an independent professional who used his tables. As expected, wagerers celebrated or mourned their fortunes with more whiskey than usual. In the gambling hall, liquor became a sidelight to the main business—the popular game of faro as well as roulette, monte, and rouge-et-noir. The owner of a "square house" hoped to gain a competitive edge by promising not to prey upon greenhorns with rigged equipment, shills, or aces-up-the-sleeve.

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

SWEARINGEN COLLECTION, DIVISION OF MANUSCRIPTS, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARY

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

BALE OF HAY SALOON, VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA
MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A customer not content simply to stand and sip could find a wide range of masculine diversions—a display of pugilism, billiards at a table brought in at great effort and cost, or a brief but expensive dance with a saloon belle.

EAGLE DANCE HALL AND CASINO, ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON

CHARLES R. PRATSCH COLLECTION, WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

PORTLAND, OREGON

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Sometimes the barroom floor provided the only available sleeping place for its patrons. As a sometimes hotel, meeting place, entertainment center, theater, and even church, the saloon was the town's most versatile institution.

GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Maurine S. Fletcher

"MY OWN DESTROYED WORK I do not lament, for it was a joy to me while I did it and I still can have the same joy in starting it again," Alice Eastwood was quoted in the May 25, 1906, issue of *Science* after the earthquake and holocaust in San Francisco.

When Curator of Botany Eastwood reached the California Academy of Sciences building following the violent earth shudder, only the front door was intact and, ironically, securely locked. Struggling over the debris of collapsed walls, she found the staircase only heaps of broken marble with an iron skeleton spiraling toward the upper floors. Joined by a friend, Robert Porter, Eastwood managed to ascend the iron bones to what was left of the herbarium. By her wise curatorial practice, irreplaceable types had been segregated in separate cases, a system since adopted by institutions worldwide. After frantically fashioning baskets from rope and twine, she lowered the priceless cases to the ground floor. Snatching rare specimens and books and records going back to 1853, she wrapped them in her work apron, struggled down the iron web, and escaped into the ruptured street. Luckily, help was obtained to move the salvageable materials to a safe location. Later count showed that 1,497 specimens—impossible to replace—had been saved. Eastwood's computer-mind recalled what plants had been lost and where they could be collected again.

From the time her uncle taught her to call the wild raspberry *rubus odoratus* and the bright red partridge berry by its Latin name *Mitchella repens*, young Alice knew she wanted to learn everything she could about plants, although she was only a small child. Born in Toronto, Canada, in 1859, Alice was not brought to the United States until she was fourteen years old. Having learned to read before she was six, she found books the tool by which she achieved her education, reading her way through many sciences, with botany always uppermost.

With only eight years of formal schooling, Eastwood graduated as valedictorian of her Denver High School class in 1879 and immediately returned to the classroom to teach algebra, astronomy, chemistry, geometry, zoology, Latin, drawing, Greek and Roman history, American and English literature, physiology, and calisthenics! In her spare time, she collected botanical specimens. By the mid-1880s, Eastwood was an authority on Colorado botany. With her exceptional knowledge of the Rocky Mountains, she was sought out by scientists to direct them to geographic, botanical, and geological locations. All were men and all became friends, but she never chose for herself "a" man, for she said she had time only for botany. Tall, with light brown hair, and bright blue eyes always seeking a challenge, Eastwood set her strong Irish jaw at just the right angle to withstand any adversity. She wrote, however, with poetic delicacy, once describing *Gilia tricolor* as "dancing with the light breezes passing over them, looking up brightly and smiling." At the age of thirty-three, Alice Eastwood became Curator of Botany at the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco.

In her work, Eastwood had to forsake the customary role for women. An ingeniously fashioned skirt that buttoned sedately in the company of proper citizenry and rebuttoned into trousers for active riding, became her first innovation. Before long, she shortened her skirts almost to mid-calf when fashionable women were dragging their hems through the dust, because stooping to collect plants and getting on and off a horse a hundred times a day made bulky clothing intolerable. For all her unorthodox behavior, she was noncontroversial, so much so that she was always regarded as The Lady Botanist.

Eastwood spent several years in Europe studying the great herbaria, keeping a steady flow of scientific papers going through the presses at the same time. Repeatedly criss-crossing the American continent, she amassed innumerable collections that she shared with institutions and botanists worldwide. Eventually, so many universities, researchers, and scientists depended upon her extraordinary abilities that Eastwood was offered numerous honorary doctorates in several disciplines. She declined them all, saying the titles added nothing either to her knowledge or capabilities. Some honors she gratefully accepted. The Honor Roll of the Native Daughters of the Golden West includes her name despite her Canadian birth and the fact that she did not become an American citizen until 1918.

Eastwood collected the nucleus of the herbarium at the rebuilt California Academy of Sciences after the 1906 earthquake. For fifty-seven years she was Curator of Botany there, becoming Curator Emeritus at age ninety. A portrait painted when she was a white-haired, frail appearing woman hangs at the entry to the Alice Eastwood Hall of Botany. Her placid face reflects quiet pride in having achieved the goals she so eagerly pursued—an expression quite different from the verve and vitality glowing across the face of the younger Alice.

Just before her death in 1953, Eastwood stated, "There is a part of me that will not die." She was right. Much of the botany of the West lives as her memorial. *Eastwoodiae* classifications spread over the land like a colorful blanket, from the freezing tundra of Alaska to the brilliantly splashed canyons of the Southwest. **AW**

Maurine S. Fletcher *is the editor of* The Wetherills of the Mesa Verde *(1977).*

THE CHANGING AMERICAN WEST

TUCUMCARI TONIGHT!

by Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

ABOUT THE TIME the pedal-foot ache creeps all the way up to the hip, the kids are tuckered out with games and fighting, and grandma's fidgeting takes on a serious twist, the plain red billboards with the yellow, man-tall letters start popping up through the road shimmer and western dust: TUCUMCARI TONIGHT!

"Is that where we're stopping?" a weary voice sings out from the back seat.

"Looks about right to me," the driver mumbles, and everyone in the cramped car celebrates the announcement with a squirm of anticipation, then takes a crack at pronouncing the strange name on the billboard.

"Two-come-carry, that's the way it's said," someone finally pipes up, and it's usually someone who's passed this way before—if not for a night, then at least for gas, a splash of water, and something cool to slake a dry tongue.

"Tucumcari Tonight!" complete with oversized exclamation point. The billboard looks like an announcement for a Willie Nelson song—a song replete with big wheels rollin', hot mamma waitin', and pop-a-top again. Mostly pop-a-top again, because no matter which way you're heading—west to California or on the retreat back home to Texas, Oklahoma, or other points south and midwest—you're going to be hellishly hot and thirsty by the time you reach the eastern plains of New Mexico and the town of Tucumcari. Arizona-hot-and-dry or Texas-hot-and-dry, it's all the same, and unless you've got Detroit, factory air in your rig or an ice chest full of cold soda or beer, you might get discouraged and stop before you even get to Tucumcari.

And that, fellow traveler, would be a shame, not because the town is a scenic turn-out in the state that features itself on its license plates as "the land of enchantment," but because Tucumcari is a genuine piece of Americana that has held out longer and fought harder than any other little town on old Route 66 against the surgical hand of the interstate highway system and its town- and tradition-killing bypass. Today Tucumcari has the distinction of being the last of the old-time, night-stop towns on Route 66 where Steinbeck's "mother road" still runs right through the middle of the place, mixing cowboys in their pickups with Chicago-based long-haulers riding high in their Peterbilts.

If Ma and Pa Joad of *Grapes of Wrath* were to leave Sallisaw, Oklahoma, again today and head west, or if Rose of Sharon were to turn home again, Tucumcari is about the only place left along the whole migrant route they'd even recognize. From the corner of Jackson Boulevard and Michigan Avenue in Chicago and for 2,200 miles to the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard and Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica, Route 66 has been covered up and renamed Interstate 40. "The long concrete path across the country," as Steinbeck described it, "waving gently up and down on the map, from the Mississippi to Bakersfield—over the red lands and the gray lands, twisting up into the mountains, crossing the Divide and down into the bright and terrible desert, and across the desert to the mountains again, and into the rich California valleys," has disappeared. In its place—straightened, widened, looped outside the little towns where it once was Main Street, renamed, sanitized, fenced off from the natives of the land it traverses—goes Interstate 40. No more old stores, small cafes, family-run truck stops, no more "chew Mail Pouch" sides of red barns, Visit Merrimack Caverns, Burma Shave, Teepee Motel, Giant Snake Farm. All are cut off and abandoned as the mainstream of traffic takes the new route, not "bound for glory," but hell-bent on making 500 miles a day in air-conditioned comfort to the next identical plastic and glass motel and color TV.

No more homemade apple pie, real milk shakes, coffee that tastes like coffee. No more places to skinny-dip in a creek on a hot afternoon on the road, no more farms with a ramshackle fruit stand run by the youngest kid in the family, and no more "rooms for rent." In place of the color and adventure of the old road are the familiar, sanitized rest stops, smelling of a pervasive, chemical, restroom disinfectant that follows the traveler back to his car and for miles down the road. The little towns and protected campsites Steinbeck ticked off in *Grapes of Wrath* as the Joad family struggled west have been cut off like

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRENCE MOORE

the abandoned meanders of a great river that's been forced into a new, cement-lined channel.

Tucumcari—the last holdout against the bypass—is the last place the Joads would know, and it's about the last place where some folks would still recognize the Joads. One of these would be Henry. He's been in Tucumcari since 1907, five years after the railroad pushed through to the eastern New Mexico plains and kicked the town off to a roaring start. The name of the place in those first days was Cactus Flats or Six Shooter Siding, and as Henry tells it "there were more bars than business stores then."

"That was when I was just a pup," he adds, "and the place was wonderful. Sure it was a little bit rough. There were boardwalks instead of sidewalks, and when it rained the streets would fill up with water dogs [salamanders], and cowboys would shoot up the bars every once in a while, but those were good old days."

Henry worked for the Rock Island and the Southern Pacific railroads in Tucumcari as "a car toad, or nut twister" for forty-seven years. A car toad or nut twister, he explains, was anyone who didn't actually work on the moving train, and was considered beneath those who did. But on or off the trains, Henry says, was "a hell of a hard job; don't let no one kid you. Running these trains now is a picnic compared to the old days. Remember those guys used to run along the top of the cars to control the train with hand brakes on the downhill, and I used to stand in the water with the cold all around my head out by the graveyard looking for flat wheels or shell-outs when the trains would come through."

Henry saw the frontier town of Tucumcari boom in the early halcyon days of the railroad, homestead, and cattle. He saw it falter during the depression, then begin to grow again and prosper with the coming of the paved road. Some of his most vivid memories are of the depression when Tucumcari, because of the presence of the road as well as the railroads, was a focal point for people fleeing the dust bowl and heading west. Henry says he can remember seeing whole families trying to ride the freight trains west, "and there were times when I've seen as many as 100 men riding on one train. . . . Don't think they didn't scare livin' hell out of me, standing out there in the dark cemetery checking for flat wheels, and 100 guys come swinging off the freight train towards me asking where's the soup line, where can I bum a cigarette?" Tucumcari did have a soup line for a while in those hard times, but Henry remembers the pickings were pretty slim—"a potato or two, a few carrots, some bones . . . that was all there was."

Henry vividly recalled one railroad cop in Tucumcari in those depression days who would kick people off the moving freights. "A lot of people were hurt, legs cut off. I know, I picked some of them up myself—that S.O.B.," and his voice trailed off into memories he wanted to keep to himself.

When the railroads pulled their crews out of Tucumcari, when half the yards were ripped out, when the roundhouse disappeared, Tucumcari suffered an instant drop in population and a blow to its sense of history and tradition it has never fully recovered from. The railroad had given Tucum-

PHOTOGRAPHS ON BOTH PAGES BY TERRENCE MOORE

Opposite: Empty tracks and a silent passenger terminal testify that Tucumcari's halcyon days as a center of railroad activity are long past.
Above: The owners of the Richardson Store—one of a number of small businesses largely dependent on travelers from Interstate Highway 40—look toward an uncertain future when new freeway construction bypasses the town next year.

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cari its start in 1902; by 1972 it was nothing more than one of hundreds of little towns where the trains hardly slow down as they whistle through. Tucumcari had always been a transportation town, a traveler's town, a cowboy's town, a railroad and highway town. The railroad was gone, and already the people of Tucumcari knew Route 66 was slated to bypass them. Today, down by the railroad yard, an abandoned block away from the large, empty passenger station, in what used to be the center of town, the most active businesses are the funeral parlor and the Sands-Dorsey Drugstore.

THE DRUGSTORE, looking as drugstores used to look everywhere, and containing an odd assortment of merchandise, also doubles as a meeting place for a mixed assortment of local people. Congregated at the traditional soda fountain—where we sipped a luke-warm chocolate soda served out of a real soda glass—or gathered in the low-ceilinged back room to gossip were a cowboy, a lawyer, a clerk, a local traveling salesman come home, and a half-crazy, gentle-faced, Bible-toting black man who identified himself as Elder Johnson, the unknown soldier. Another group of people, young Mexican Americans, ordered sugary drinks at the end of the soda counter and took them out. Although Spanish is spoken all over town, Tucumcari is very clearly divided by the old railroad yards, and one side of the tracks has a concentration of the "less fortunate among us," as one gentle lady put it. We out-of-state Anglos were advised to avoid the bar on "the other side of the tracks."

But if the people at Tucumcari's traditional drugstore were an unlikely mixture, the merchandise in the old, wood-frame, glass display case opposite the swivel stools at the fountain was even more of a surprise. Here one could pick among home remedies, modern remedies, Bibles, and a cordless vibrator.

Closer to the railroad station is another establishment; a crude, hand-lettered sign outside announces the "Cattlemen's Club." Inside, the sound of low voices, the click of dominoes, and the scrape of chalk against wood occupies the days and half the nights, as well as the minds and freckled hands, of men worn down with hard work. White foreheads identify the retired cowboys among the domino players, caps the old railroad men. Sitting on the high seat over in a corner by a snooker table that will probably be discovered by some big-city antique dealer, I feel like a piece of the furniture. Hardly an eye strays from the quick flick of the domino boards to see the stranger, the reporter from the big city. "What would he want here anyway?"

Continued on page 62

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1963

ARTIST HEWITT JACKSON RE-CREATES THE PAGEANT OF NORTHWEST MARITIME EXPLORATION

by Thomas Vaughan and Bruce T. Hamilton

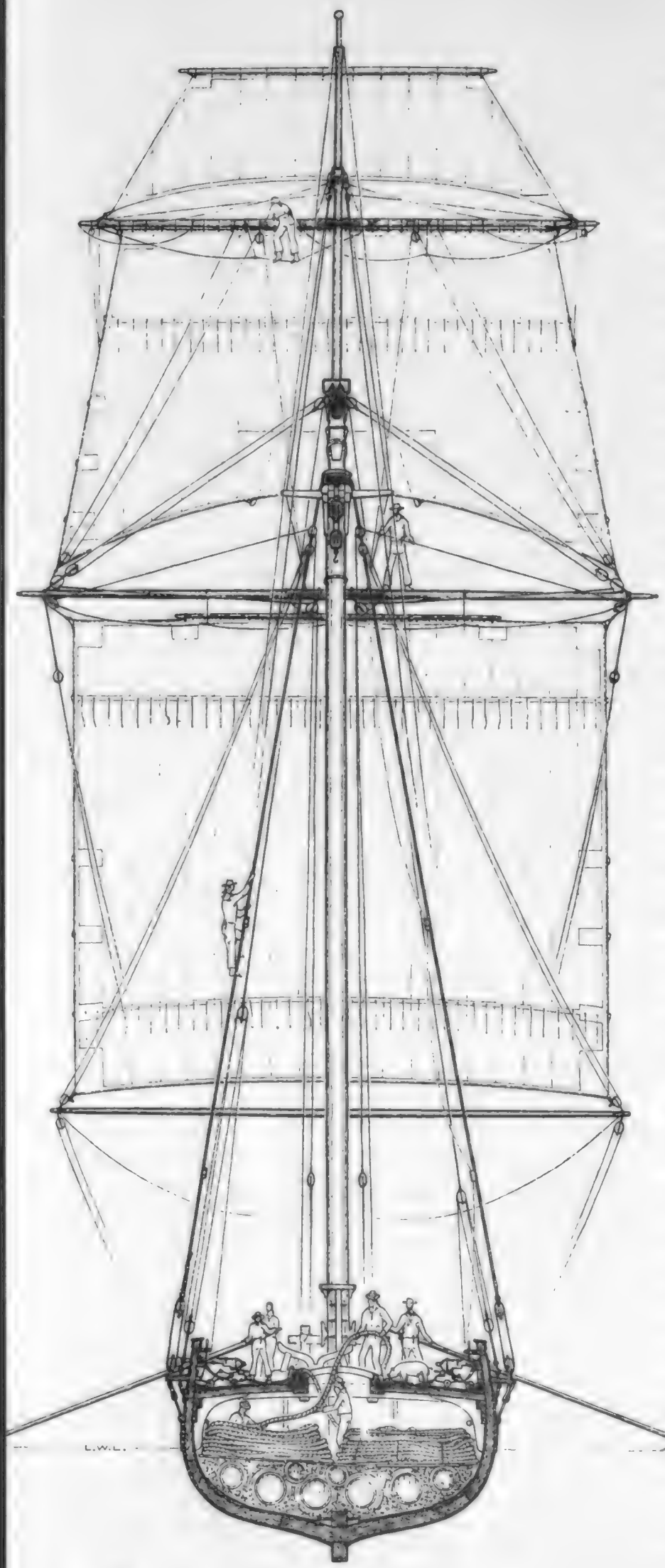
HEWITT JACKSON is the acknowledged dean of maritime painters of the Northwest Coast. He reached this lofty pinnacle almost a generation ago with one of his earliest undertakings, a commissioned drawing of George Vancouver's vessel, HMS *Discovery*. Jackson's deserved reputation as a maritime scholar and an assiduous researcher began with his work on the *Discovery*; the artist discovered that there were no trustworthy visual representations of Vancouver's ship. Jackson therefore patiently reconstructed the ship from often elusive printed information. He has done the same for all subsequent works. The words of Vancouver's friendly rival, and a Hewitt Jackson hero, must supply a key to Jackson's research procedures from that first archival exploration. "I pressed on, taking fresh trouble for granted," wrote Bodega y Quadra. The colorful Seattle-area artist has done likewise through scores of commissions. More than a dozen are in the permanent collections of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

Jackson's rich mixed-media technique, combined with now prodigious research-skills and dazzling draughtmanship, have yielded a treasure of magnificent studies and finished drawings, acclaimed by a growing body of connoisseurs in North America and Great Britain. To put it simply, Hewitt Jackson's ships, be they models or drawings, will "float." They are brilliant representations born of intense study and mastery of materials brought together in a lifetime at sea under sail and steam and countless hours at his drawing table.

From the first assignment (a virtual reconstruction of the *Discovery*) to his most recent work, John Boit's *Union*, Jackson has usually constructed a detailed model and many precise scale drawings, all laid down in a series of necessarily time-consuming studies that from time to time strain the patience of his eager patrons. Yet there is much errant and variant data to be analyzed with each new project. While the unknowing might consider this unnecessarily exacting, Jackson undertakes each reconstruction as though it were for the laying down of an actual ship. Thus for the *Chatham*, *Resolution*, *Santiago*, *Columbia*, *Lady Washington*, *Racoon*, and the present studies of the sloop *Union*, to name but a few, the sections and profiles have been accurately defined. He determines the dimension of all the principal timbers and carefully calculates precise tonnages and displacements. With equal care the

THE MORNING OF DISCOVERY 11 MAY 1792

Opposite: Artist Hewitt Jackson depicts Captain Robert Gray's Columbia Rediviva *on the verge of one of the momentous events in Northwest maritime history: Gray's successful crossing of the Columbia River bar and first entry into the great "River of the West." Here the* Columbia Rediviva *is heading south off the Washington coast. Cape Disappointment, the north portal to the river, juts at far right, while more distant Saddle Mountain, a prominent Oregon coastal landmark, looms off the ship's bow.*



rocky headlands and shores of the moody North Pacific are somehow captured in each study by personal offshore observations in weather fair and foul.

Among some of Jackson's most beautiful sketches are the visual determinations or schemes for crew accommodations, cargo, stores and water, powder and shot, and space for deck fittings and ground tackle. Equally stunning are the numerous studies of spars, rigging and sail plans that gradually paper the studio as each project matures. Long ago, these precise and taut schemes attracted the attention and admiring support of Howard Chapelle, a great American sailing authority. The frigate *Saratoga* off the Columbia River mouth on a foggy day, weatherworn *Lady Washington* emerging from the mists of Tillamook Bay, and the cutter *Bear* in an arctic surrounding bring Jackson's overlaying color work remarkably close to what the artist interprets as a precise moment in historical time. Even in the reaching fogs and spindrift seas, his wiry details emerge. And in each commission this inspired artist strives for permanence. Some might say that his medium is based on a compromise. But his judgement is solid and sound. Conventional oil painting would require huge areas and much time to present the desired details. Watercolor, charming and attractive as it is, is a "tight" medium, and corrections are next to impossible.

When Jackson's drawing table and library have at last satisfied his preliminary plan, he begins to combine selected details onto a working surface with dilute ink, using both pen and wash techniques. This allows the incorporation of masses of detail, detail that excites both scholar and collector. As the artist recently commented: "This assists my development of a composition and an aesthetic solution faithful to the historical limits as I have formally identified them . . . light, shadows, clouds, and the movement of the sea, can be played with within the limits described in the log book with its specific weather observations."

The *Tonquin* crashing over the Columbia River bar, the *Golden Hind* pulling away from her five-day anchorage in a "bad bay" on the Oregon coast show these skills to advantage. So also do the tiny human figures working the *Tonquin*'s shrouds or thronging the beach at Friendly Cove, faithfully carrying out their technical assignments. These are factual reports that transcend acts of imagination, poetic or otherwise. And the exceptional insight and skill of this prize-winning stylist have given us an irreplace-

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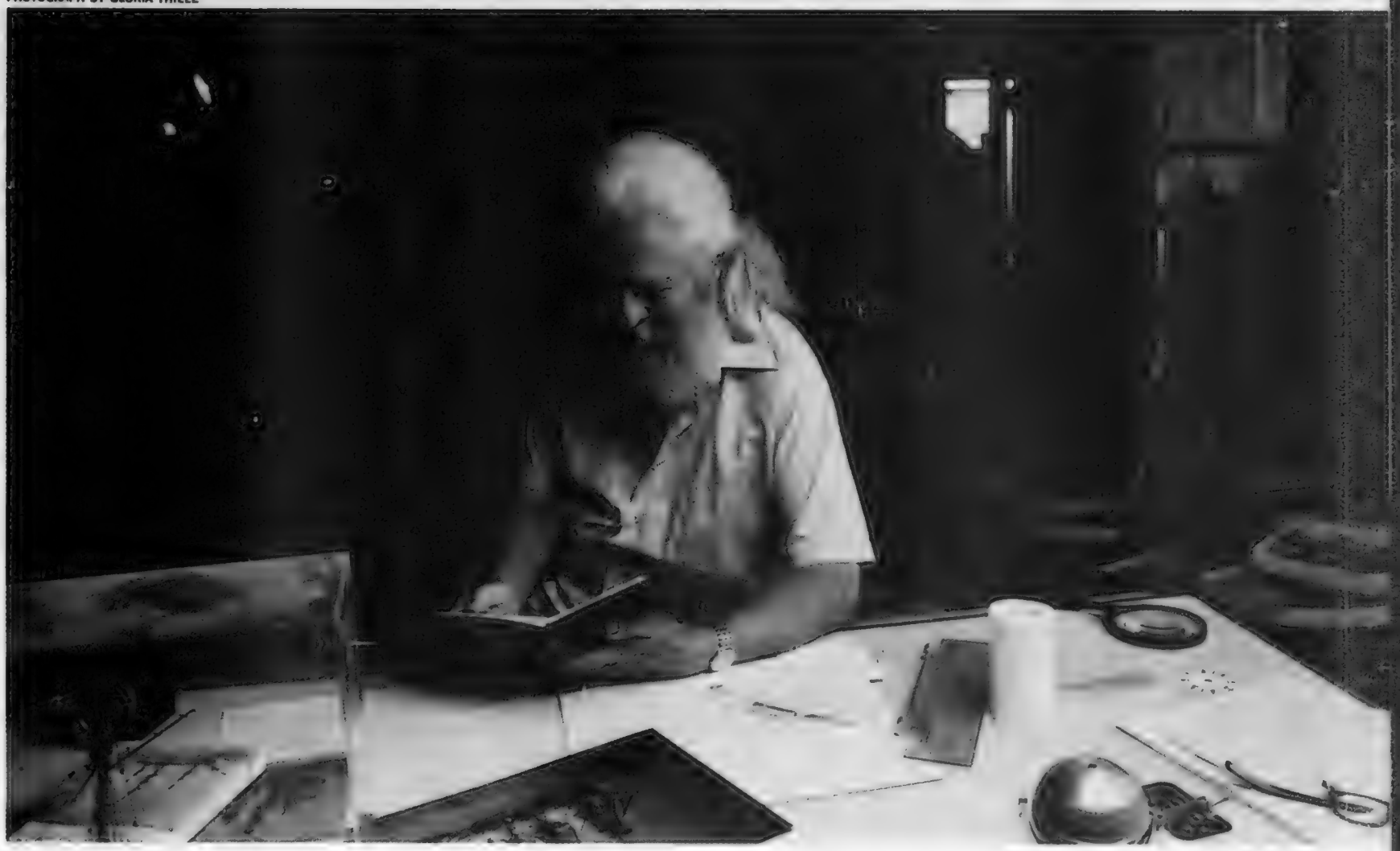
The detailed line drawing at left is one of a number of illustrations Hewitt Jackson produced for a forthcoming Oregon Historical Society publication, The Log of the Union. *This cross section of the* Union*—which circumnavigated the world at the end of the eighteenth century—is a typical example of the care and accuracy with which Jackson reconstructs each of the sailing vessels depicted in his major works, employing all available contemporary data.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLORIA THIELE



Above: Hewitt Jackson at work in his Seattle-area studio. Jackson's art is the result of long and assiduous research, and constant use of contemporary journals, charts, and secondary sources. His special talent is the ability to combine and translate this varied information into visually accurate and aesthetically pleasing renderings.

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able body of work that will be forever treasured from San Blas to Nootka—and beyond our capes.

Jackson absorbed much of his priceless lore and know-how at the end of a great era. His birth year, 1914, was a high point for sailing ships, yet through the twenties and thirties the moorages of Elliot Bay and Puget Sound were crowded with sailing ships left from the boom years of World War I. Often manned by one officer and a watchman, these still fine and sturdy ships welcomed a "helper" anxious to learn the seaman's craft and the fast-vanishing nomenclature of sailing. These ships survived because of the lumber trade of the twenties and the Chilean nitrate and Australian grain trade of the thirties; in World War II many ended up as barges. Jackson's first voyage as a lad was on a schooner carrying lumber from the Columbia River to Australia.

When Jackson was retired from active service in the Air Corps by injury, he entered into more formal drafting and engineering drawing with the Department of Oceanography at the University of Washington. From the resultant extended periods at sea came other interests and drawings, including detailed work for naval architects. All of this experience has intensified a poetic feeling for the ocean, its moods, and its ships, which Captain James Cook (an admirer of exactitude and discipline) might have called "a great reach of contrivance." For us they are critical moments in North Pacific history forever captured and honored. **AW**

Twelve Hewitt Jackson drawings are on permanent display in a special maritime gallery at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland. Additional works by the artist can be seen at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria and the Washington State Historical Society in Tacoma.

Thomas Vaughan, *author of the foregoing essay on Hewitt Jackson, is executive director of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.*

Bruce T. Hamilton, *who provided the narrative accompanying the Jackson drawings on the following pages, is book editor for the Oregon Historical Society.*

LA FRIGATA SANTIAGO, CAPITAN BRUNO DE HEZETA ... "LA TARDE DE ESTE DIA, DESCUBRI UNA GRANDE BAHIA, QUE LA NOMBRE DE LA ASUNCION...."

"On the 17th [of August 1775] I sailed along the coast....
In the evening of this day, I discovered a large bay, to which I gave the name of Assumption Bay, and of which a plan will be found in this journal. Having arrived opposite this bay at six in the evening, and placed the ship midway between the two capes, I sounded and found bottom in twenty-four brazas; the currents and eddies were so strong that, notwithstanding a press of sail, it was difficult to get out clean.... The currents and eddies ... caused me to believe this place is the mouth of some great river, or of some passage to another sea."

Hezeta called the two heads "El Cabo de San Roque" and "El Cabo del Frondos" [Leafy Cape]. Today they are known as Cape Disappointment and Point Adams, respectively. The San Roque is, of course, the Columbia River. Mount Saint Helens can be seen nearly ninety miles inland.

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1975

SLOOP LADY WASHINGTON OF BOSTON, CAPT. ROBT. GRAY, LEAVES TILLAMOOK BAY, 18 AUGUST 1788

Robert Gray's Lady Washington, *nearly a year out of Boston on a fur trading venture, tacks away from the foggy Oregon shoreline after making the first recorded American landing on the Northwest Coast. Gray's personal servant was killed here by Indians, and he named the port "Murderers Harbour."*

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1968

THE SHIP COLUMBIA REDIVIVA, H.M. ARMED TENDER CHATHAM, AND H.M. SLOOP-OF-WAR DISCOVERY MEET NEAR DESTRUCTION ISLAND, 29 APRIL 1792

"Sunday. At 2, weighed and came to sail under topsails and staysails . . . saw a sail in the N.W. (at 4) and spoke the 'Columbia' of Boston, brought too, hoisted out the cutter (at 7:30) and sent an officer on board (Puget and Menzies). Boat returned . . . bore up and made sail at 11."
(From the log of the Discovery, *Mudge)*

"She hoisted American colors and fired a gun to leeward . . . the ship Columbia, *commanded by Mr. Robt. Gray, belonging to Boston, whence she had been absent nineteen months. . . . He informed them of having been off the mouth of a river, where the outset . . . was so strong as to prevent his entering for 9 days . . . the opening passed by us on the . . . 27th; and was . . . inaccessible, not from current, but from . . . breakers that extend across it."*
(From Vancouver's Journal*)*

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1966

SHIP COLUMBIA REDIVIVA OF BOSTON, CAPT. ROBT. GRAY, ANCHORS OFF CHINOOK ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, 19 MAY 1792

"Fresh winds and clear weather. Early a number of canoes alongside; seamen and tradesmen employed in their various departments. Captain Gray gave this river the name of the 'Columbia River,' and the north side of the entrance 'Cape Hancock' [now Disappointment], the south 'Adam's Point'."
(From the log of the Columbia Rediviva*)*

Soon after encountering the Chatham *and* Discovery *off the Washington coast (opposite page), Gray turned back south, discovering Grays Harbor and then making his second, successful attempt to enter the Columbia River. Here the* Columbia Rediviva *is anchored off the river's north shore, near a large village of Chinook Indians, from whom Gray obtained a number of sea otter and beaver pelts. Baker's Bay is beyond the ship's bow; Cape Disappointment is visible at far left.*

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1965

H.M. SLOOP-OF-WAR DISCOVERY, CAPT. GEORGE VANCOUVER, EXPLORES ADMIRALTY INLET ON PUGET SOUND, 19 MAY 1792

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL PRIVATE COLLECTION (SEATTLE) COMPLETED 1965

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL PRIVATE COLLECTION (PORTLAND) COMPLETED 1973

THE BRISTOL SCHOONER JENNY AND H.M. ARMED TENDER CHATHAM LEAVE THE COLUMBIA RIVER, 10 NOVEMBER 1792

EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1966

On these pages Hewitt Jackson depicts three events from 1792, a significant year in Northwest maritime history.
At far left, Captain George Vancouver's Discovery *crosses Admiralty Inlet, between Washington's Olympic Peninsula and Whidbey Island. The British mariner's detailed exploration of this and other portions of Puget Sound was among the most noteworthy accomplishments of his expedition.*

At near left, the schooner Jenny *under command of James Baker, and naval brig* Chatham *under Lieutenant William Broughton, fight their way past Cape Disappointment and out of the Columbia River during a November storm. The* Jenny *was attracted to the scene by Gray's report of furs there; the* Chatham, *a ship of Vancouver's expedition, explored the river for a distance of more than one hundred miles inland.*

In the detailed drawing at left, Jackson captures one of the most important moments in the history of the Northwest Coast, a time when Friendly Cove was an international rendezvous and one of the best-known spots on the globe. Warships and trading vessels from several nations at anchor here include (from left to right) the Columbia Rediviva, Adventure, Aranzasu, Margaret, Discovery, Fenis and Saint Joseph, Chatham, Jackall, *and* Daedalus.

TIDE OF EMPIRE: FRIENDLY COVE, NOOTKA SOUND, 22 SEPTEMBER 1792

JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S TONQUIN, CAPT. JONATHAN THORN, ENTERS THE COLUMBIA RIVER, 4 MARCH 1811

In a disastrous arrival on the Northwest Coast following a six-month voyage from New York City, the ship Tonquin *shudders to safety across the shallow Columbia River bar. Earlier her tyrannical captain ordered two ship's boats into the stormy seas to locate a channel into the river; both craft were swamped at a cost of eight lives. The* Tonquin *brought Astor employees to establish a fur trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. Months later, during a trading expedition to Vancouver Island, insults to natives led to the Indians' overrunning the ship and killing most of the crew. The* Tonquin *and her captors were launched into eternity when a surviving crewman touched off the ship's magazine.*

PRIVATE COLLECTION (PORTLAND) COMPLETED 1970

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY STEAMSHIP BEAVER MAKES A TRIAL RUN ON THE WILLAMETTE RIVER, MAY 1836

Built in England and navigated around the Horn under sail, with paddlewheels lashed to her deck, the Hudson's Bay Company trading vessel Beaver *was re-fitted for steam operation at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River. The first steam vessel on the Pacific Coast is shown here on the Willamette River, near the tip of Sauvie Island, during her trial voyage from Fort Vancouver.*

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COMPLETED 1963

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WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

A citizens' group that successfully fought for nearly two decades to save the 1884 U.S. Customs House in **Saint Louis** (later known as the Old Post Office) from demolition has been given the nation's highest award for achievement in historic preservation. Considered an outstanding example of French Second Empire style, the building is now undergoing a $15 million renovation. When this project is completed in June 1981, the Old Post Office will house shops, restaurants, and other commercial ventures, as well as federal offices.

On March 29 and 30, the **Heard Museum** of Phoenix will present its Indian Fair, an annual event for over twenty years. Ceremonial dances will be performed by Apache, Navajo, Hopi, Zuni, Sioux, and Central Plains Indians. Native American craftsmen will demonstrate their work, and Indian women will prepare Indian food.

On February 1 and 2 the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** in Cody, Wyoming, will host a seminar entitled **John Wayne Classics: A Study of the Western Hero.** Produced in cooperationn with the University of Wyoming, the seminar will focus on the role of the heroic figure in western films and will include speakers as well as showings of the classics *Stagecoach*, *Red River*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Rio Grande*, and *The Searchers*.

One of Wayne's last major public appearances was in Cody for the July 4, 1976, celebration accompanying the opening of the Center's Winchester Museum, and this seminar will serve as a tribute to him for his interest in the institution.

The **California Historical Society** is asking for donation of items and services which can be sold at a dinner and auction to be held April 25 in San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel. Proceeds will help the Society to continue its many programs relating to California history. For information, address the Society at 2090 Jackson Street, San Francisco 94109.

After thirty-three years in the mothball fleet at Suisun Bay in California, the S.S. **Jeremiah O'Brien** recently steamed out of her berth on a short journey which will result in the renovation of this **World War II Liberty ship.** The *O'Brien's* role in the war was to carry troops and supplies both in the South Pacific and the North Atlantic, including the landing of troops on the Normandy coast during D-Day plus two. The only remaining, unconverted Liberty ship in the U.S., the *O'Brien* sailed from Suisun under her own power to the Bethlehem shipyard in San Francisco Bay. The shipyard has matched a grant from the **National Trust for Historic Preservation** to restore the ship to her original state. Upon completion of her renovation in May, the *Jeremiah O'Brien* is scheduled to sail to Fort Mason where she will become a maritime museum in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

The Education Division of the **Oklahoma Historical Society** has launched a program to organize student historian clubs throughout the state. Students will receive training in the fundamentals of research and self-expression and will have an outlet for their work in statewide recognition programs. To encourage and guide clubs for young historians, the Society has prepared an Oklahoma Heritage Handbook.

The **University of Nebraska-Lincoln** has issued a call for papers to be presented at an interdisciplinary conference on American Pioneer Landscapes to be held April 30 and May 1, 1981. Sponsored by the **Center for Great Plains Studies,** the conference will provide a forum in which historians, historical geographers, anthropologists, and members of other appropriate disciplines can present papers on pioneer landscapes and the way in which such landscapes have evolved into the present scene. Anyone interested should present an abstract of his paper to: Program Secretary, Center for Great Plains Studies, 1223 Oldfather Hall, University of Nebraska, Lincoln 68588.

A major oil painting by nineteenth-century American artist Seth Eastman has been added to the permanent collection of the **Amon Carter Museum** in Fort Worth, Texas. "Ball-Play of the Sioux on the St. Peters River in Winter" was completed in the winter of 1848 when Eastman, a captain in the U.S. Army, was stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. The sport shown in the painting is an early form of lacrosse.

The Thirty-third Annual **California History Institute,** sponsored by the Holt-Atherton Pacific Center for Western Studies, will be held on April 11 and 12 at the University of the Pacific in Stockton. This year's theme is California Agriculture, to be presented in panels, films, and lectures. For information, address Dr. Walter A. Payne at the Center.

The **New Orleans Museum of Art** is currently featuring an exhibit of paintings and sculpture by Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell, the first exhibit of its kind in that city.

The **Oakland Museum** is currently exhibiting "The Mechanical Eye," a survey of the evolution of picture-taking instruments, which will be shown through February 24. Featured are hundreds of cameras and photographic artifacts from the 1840s to the present, as well as the re-creation of a nineteenth-century photographer's studio. An exploration of Indian and Yankee culture in early California, entitled "Natives and Settlers," is on display through March 9. This exhibit offers outstanding collections of Native American artifacts and U.S. colonial antiquities assembled by Charles Wilcomb.

The **Medicine Bow, Wyoming,** Lions Club has undertaken a fund-raising project to restore the historical Owen Wister cabin, honoring the site of Wister's famous novel, *The Virginian*. Commemorative space is being sold on each of the logs in the structure. For information, write to the club at Box 196, Medicine Bow, Wyoming 82329. AW

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

KIVA, CROSS, AND CROWN: THE PECOS INDIANS AND NEW MEXICO 1540-1840

Reviewed by Donald E. Worcester

Kiva, Cross, and Crown: The Pecos Indians and New Mexico 1540–1840 *by John L. Kessell (National Park Service, Washington, D.C., 1979; 587 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $12.00).*

KIVA, CROSS, AND CROWN is a most attractive book, scholarly, readable, and profusely illustrated. It is the story of the three-way contest in New Mexico among the kiva (the underground ceremonial chamber, representing the Pueblo Indians' religion and way of life), the Franciscan friars, and the royal governors during Spanish and Mexican rule. Although the Indians outwardly accepted the friars and their faith as well as the governors' authority, they continued their secret rites in the kivas. Except for the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and a few minor riots, Pueblo resistance to both friars and governors was largely passive.

The power struggle between friars and governors, on the other hand, was overt and bitter. Many governors tried to wrest some wealth from the province, which meant obtaining tribute from the Pueblo Indians and using them on slave-hunts against the Apaches. Situated in a mountain valley just east of Santa Fe, Pecos pueblo, with its large population, its location as gateway to the plains, and its trade with Plains Apaches in buffalo robes and captives, was a natural target for the governors. [*Editor's note:* See "The Presence of the Past: Pecos Pueblo," by John L. Kessell in *The American West* for May/June 1979.]

There were no winners in the struggle. The Pecos population steadily declined until the early nineteenth century, when the few survivors abandoned the pueblo. After years of neglect and exposure to pot hunters, the pueblo ruins were briefly surveyed in 1880 by archaeologist Adolph F. Bandelier. In 1915 Alfred V. Kidder began excavating the site, eventually producing the first detailed synthesis of the archaeology of any part of the New World. He also initiated the annual Pecos Conferences on the prehistoric Southwest. As a result, Pecos is the most thoroughly studied archaeological site in the United States.

When the Pecos National Monument became a unit of the National Park System, the Park Service turned to Dr. Kessell for a complete history of the pueblo based on Spanish documents. The result of his exhaustive search, built on the earlier work of Eleanor B. Adams (to whom the book is dedicated), France V. Scholes, Fray Angelico Chavez, and others, is a lively narrative that includes contemporary accounts of many events. The author maintains a neutral viewpoint, but treats with compassion the Pecos people, whose fatal flaw was factionalism.

Typical of the church-state strife were incidents involving governors Juan de Eulate, Luis de Rosas, and Bernardo López de Mendizábal. Eulate, "inspired by open contempt for the Church and its ministers," forbade the use of Indian labor on the church at Pecos. Rosas allowed the Pecos to practice their own religion in exchange for tribute. In 1641 two friars led a mob that deposed and imprisoned Rosas, whose enemies murdered him.

Because of complaints against López from both friars and civilians, the Inquisition and the viceroy took action. The Holy Office, whose presence was "comforting to the devout and dreadful to the accused," appointed Fray Alonso de Posada as its agent. The viceroy named a new governor, Diego de Peñalosa, "an accomplished rogue," to deal with López. Fray Alonso sent López in shackles to Mexico City, where he died in the Inquisition jail.

Peñalosa soon clashed with Fray Alonso, who gathered testimony against him, including his obscene jokes about Franciscans. The Holy Office banished Peñalosa, who appeared at the court of Louis XIV as the Count of Santa Fe. His tales of gold helped inspire La Salle's last expedition.

The Pueblo Revolt of 1680, a rare cooperative effort among various pueblos, divided the Pecos as well as the others. When the Spaniards retreated, the brief era of cooperation ended. In 1696, after the reconquest, the division at Pecos was solidified when Pecos governor Felipe Chistoe received permission to execute five men who were plotting against the Spaniards.

The Pecos population declined steadily from around 2,000 in 1600 to 1,000 a century later, to 449 in 1750, and 154 in 1790. Famine, smallpox epidemics every decade, and emigration contributed to the decrease. Kessell points out that the oft-encited Comanche massacre of 1749 never occurred, but Comanches drove away the Plains Apaches whose trade was vital to the Pecos. By 1825 Hispanos were crowding onto Pecos lands. In 1838 the last of the Pecos, twenty persons or less, moved to Jémez, whose people spoke the same Towa language. There the Pecos retained their own customs and identity.

John Kessell, one of the most productive of Borderlands experts, has already demonstrated the quality of his work by winning the *New Mexico Historical Review* Annual Award for 1966 and the Herbert E. Bolton Award for 1973. Two of his other books are *Mission of Sorrows: Jesuit Guevavi and the Pimas, 1691–1767* (1970) and *Friars, Soldiers, and Reformers: Hispanic Arizona and the Sonora Mission Frontier* (1976). This work, a valuable addition to books on the Spanish Borderlands, will certainly enhance his reputation. AW

Donald E. Worcester, Lorin A. Boswell Professor at Texas Christian University, has written books and articles on the Borderlands.

Western History from BYU Press . . .

Recent Releases

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One of the most popular, yet controversial figures of the nineteenth-century Pacific Northwest was Isaac Stevens . . . head of the northern route transcontinental railroad survey, first governor of the new Washington territory, and a brigadier-general in the Civil War.

This is the story of Stevens' short career and of his tremendous influence in negotiating the Northwest Indian treaties.

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A turn-of-the century cowboy, Rowland W. Rider has long held audiences spellbound with tales of his years on the Arizona Strip. His delightful sense of humor and unique gift for animated storytelling propells listeners back to the time just emerging on the heels of Butch Cassidy and the Robber's Roost gang. Now, through this compilation of his stories of fact and fancy, a valuable piece of oral Western history has been preserved.

With Custer in '74

The history surrounding George Armstrong Custer has long fascinated thousands who see in his colorful career and abrupt death a major turning point in white-Indian relations. A new addition to the Custer lore, this account covers the 1874 Black Hills Expedition of the Seventh Cavalry and their discovery of gold in the heart of the Sioux Indian territory.

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WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Sacred Paint: Ned Jacob *by Sandra Dallas (Fenn Galleries, Santa Fe, 1979; 135 pp., illus., index, $35.00).*

This over-size volume, noteworthy in design and lavishly produced, presents an assessment of the life and work of the controversial western artist Ned Jacob. Most of the color plates and black and white drawings present the artist's interpretations of Indian life in Montana (where Jacob lived with the Blackfeet for four years) and in New Mexico; there is also a section showing paintings and sketches done in Morocco.

True Tales of the Old-Time Plains *by David Dary (Crown Publishers, New York, 1979; 278 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $12.95).*

Rollicking, adventurous, touching—here is a collection of tales about people, animals, and events on the great, rolling plains from the Canadian border to Texas. The characters were real, famous and unknown; they lived when men and animals could roam the unfenced plains at will. The author has given us over forty short tales. Whether the reader invests only a few minutes at a time or finishes the book at one sitting, he is in for a lot of fun.

God's Galloping Girl: The Peace River Diaries of Monica Storrs, 1929–1931, *edited by W. L. Morton (University of British Columbia, Vancouver, 1979; 307 pp., illus., map, notes, index, $22.00).*

With a strong desire to serve the Anglican faith on the frontier, Englishwoman Monica Storrs arrived in the Peace River country of northern British Columbia in 1929. Traveling on horseback, she took Sunday School and the traditions of guiding and scouting to work-hardened children and offered succor to the poor and hungry. Her interesting and detailed diaries are a moving narrative of courage, faith, and humour, as well as a realistic description of wilderness life and the struggle for survival on the "last North American frontier."

"Paper Talk": Charlie Russell's American West, *edited by Brian W. Dippie (Alfred A. Knopf Inc., New York, 1979, in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; 224 pp., illus., biblio., $17.95).*

Western artist Charles Russell followed the delightful practice of illustrating his correspondence with sketches reflecting his many years' experience on the range. This attractive and appealing volume presents Russell's humorous and ingenuous letters with profuse illustrations both in color and black and white, as well as reproductions of some major canvasses which were based on these sketches. The editor provides informative comments about each selection in this lavish book.

Bill Gollings: The Man and his Art *by James T. Forrest (Northland Press in cooperation with the Amon Carter Museum of Art, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1979; 130 pp., illus., index, $17.00).*

Though Bill Golling's paintings of western scenes received little attention while the artist lived, James T. Forrest finds them among the most poetic ever produced in America. A working cowboy, Gollings rode the range and painted in north central Wyoming during the early years of the twentieth century. This handsome volume, produced to the usual high standards of the Northland Press, presents a biography of Gollings, an appraisal of his work, and about forty of his accurate canvasses in full color.

Geologic History of Middle California *by Arthur D. Howard (University of California, Berkeley, 1979; 113 pp., illus., maps, biblio., glossary, index, $3.95 paper).*

In a clear, jargon-free style, Geologist Howard describes the evolution of the landscape of middle California, probing the role of plate tectonics. Illustrated by clear, graphic, sequential drawings as well as photographs, this convenient, pocket-size paperback is scientifically accurate and interestingly written.

Ishi in Two Worlds: A Biography of the Last Wild Indian in North America *by Theodora Kroeber (University of California, Berkeley, 1979; 262 pp., illus., notes, index, $7.95 paper, $14.95 cloth).*

The appealing story of Ishi, last of the Yahi tribe, captured hearts when it was first published almost twenty years ago. This new deluxe edition offers additional photographs, many in full color. (See review of *Ishi The Last Yahi: A Documentary History* under "Western Book Reviews" in this issue.)

Land and Cattle: Conversations with Joe Pankey, A New Mexico Rancher *by Jack Parsons and Michael Earney (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1978; 96 pp., illus., $15.00).*

In eighty-four-year-old Joe Pankey's own words, we hear the story of hard-country cattle ranching. In the profuse black and white illustrations accompanying this oral history, we find appealing reflection of everyday life on the ranch—its animals, its people and their chores, the hard land. Together, text and pictures demonstrate the changes during the twentieth century in the area between the Rio Grande and the San Mateo Mountains of southwestern New Mexico.

New Spain's Far Northern Frontier: Essays on Spain in the American West 1540–1821 *edited by David J. Weber (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1979; 321 pp., illus., maps, charts, notes, index, suggestions for further reading, $14.95).*

The editor has brought together eighteen essays by various scholars focusing on the western borderlands during the Spanish colonial period. A theme recurring in all the presentations emphasizes "the profound and enduring influence of that period." An introductory essay and prefaces to each section give continuity. Various revisionary interpretations are introduced, challenging the cultural stereotypes that have pervaded studies of the Southwest. **AW**

WESTERN BOOK REVIEWS

The Fur Trade of the American West, 1807–1840: A Geographical Synthesis *by David J. Wishart (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1979; 237 pp., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*

Reviewed by John C. Ewers

IN THE PAGES of *The American West* some thirteen years ago (Spring 1966), Dale Morgan opined that studies of the western fur trade had not progressed far beyond Hiram Chittenden's classic survey of the field published in 1902. He claimed Chittenden's strong work had led subsequent students to view the fur trade on his terms and discouraged other approaches to the subject.

Chittenden defined the western fur trade as an economic activity based at Saint Louis, which became historically important only after the return of Lewis and Clark and lost that importance by the time overland migrations to the Far West began around 1840.

Now David Wishart, an academic geographer, accepts Chittenden's dating for the fur trade but stresses the importance of defining two distinct patterns of trade developed during that period. Of these, the trade of the Upper Missouri began earlier and continued well beyond the chronological limit set by Chittenden, but did not become highly organized until the 1820s. Whites built fixed posts, located so as to attract the trade of the several Indian tribes who were the real collectors of furs. By the 1830s, beaver were exterminated in this area, and bison robes replaced them as the most important products sent to market by river boat. In contrast, the Rocky Mountain trade depended primarily upon white trappers and the rendezvous in the open; beaver pelt remained the prime product until beaver became extinct in the region by 1840. It was impractical for the Rocky Mountain traders to attempt to transport bison pelts overland to Saint Louis.

The author especially emphasizes the influences of geographic and particularly climatic factors upon the development of the different patterns employed in these trades. He provides numerous maps and complex diagrams which help the reader to understand better these contrasting patterns. Wishart concludes that the trade as a whole was "destructive to the physical environment and to the native inhabitants alike." I believe the latter point may be argued, especially since some of the destructive factors he alludes to, such as smallpox epidemics, occurred with equal virulence in early contacts between the races in American areas where the fur trade was not a factor. Certainly, too, one of the lasting effects of the fur trade was the emergence of a sizable, mixed-blood population which has provided a very considerable share of the effective Indian leadership among the tribes of the Plains and the Rockies in more recent generations. AW

John C. Ewers is Ethnologist Emeritus at the Smithsonian Institution. He has studied the fur trade of the American West for more than forty years, and is the author of The Influence of the Fur Trade on Indians of the Northern Plains *(1972).*

The Black Towns *by Norman L. Crockett (Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1979; 260 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $14.00).*

Reviewed by Rudolph M. Lapp

THIS WORK JOINS a growing list of studies in the lesser-noted areas of black history, most of them set in locations west of the Mississippi River. Some of these studies give attention to the five all-black towns—Nicodemus, Kansas; Mount Bayou, Mississippi; and Clearview, Langston, and Boley in Oklahoma. Professor Crockett has attempted to weave the nineteenth and early twentieth century histories of these five towns into a study of that kind of experiment in self-sufficient existence.

The author divides his subject into five chapters: "Promoters and Settlers," "Image and Ideology," "Politics and Discrimination," "Economy and Society," and "Frustration and Failure." He offers racism as the basic explanation for the impulse to create these communities in post–Civil War United States. However, he gives the black entrepreneur his role

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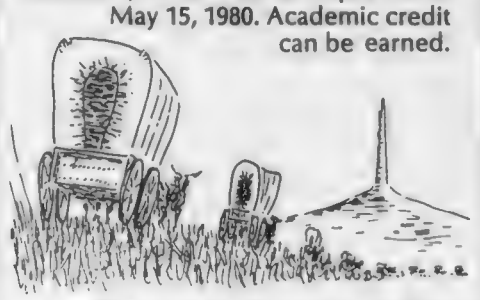

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in this development, placing him in the mainstream of American economic activities of the period. These small towns created their own class structures and cultural institutions, as well as the moral tones typical of many small communities. One wishes that they had had their own black Sinclair Lewis to write about black Main Streets and black Babbits.

However, as the author points out, while the relative insulation of these five towns nourished healthier self-images among their residents, these communities were subject to the racism of the white-controlled county and state governments, especially in Oklahoma and Mississippi. In addition, overreliance on cotton, catastrophic for many southern communities, prevented these black utopias from fulfilling their dream.

Professor Crockett would have made his useful book even more serviceable if he had dealt with the five towns separately. A disjointed effect is created for the reader by having to move back and forth from town to town and frequently from time-period to time-period in the course of digesting the material. AW

Rudolph M. Lapp, a member of the History Department of the College of San Mateo, is the author of Blacks in Gold Rush California, *published by Yale University Press.*

Dust Bowl: The Southern Plains in the 1930s *by Donald Worster (Oxford University, New York, 1979; 289 pp., illus., notes, index, $14.95).*

Reviewed by R. Douglas Hurt

DURING THE 1930s, the people of the Great Plains suffered from the triple plagues of drought, dust, and depression. In the southern Plains, where the wind-erosion menace was the worst, southeastern Colorado, southwestern Kansas, northeastern New Mexico, and the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles became known as the Dust Bowl.

This well written study places the blame for the Dust Bowl squarely on the capitalistic or commercial farmer. For Donald Worster, commercial farmers were unrestrained in taking risks for economic gain. In the southern Plains, land was nothing more than an expendable resource to be used to its fullest potential. As the plow, however, stripped the sod from marginal lands, the soil lay exposed to the relentless wind. When the drought came, soil-holding vegetation, primarily in the form of wheat, died, and the soil began to billow into giant, black blizzards.

The dust storms lasted from 1932 to 1940, during which time, Worster contends, the Roosevelt administration was incapable of instituting a land-use system predicated on anything but capitalist ideology. In short, New Deal programs simply tided over the Dust Bowl farmer on an annual basis until the rains and prosperity returned. Worster argues that there was a need for a "broad-gauged alternative to commercial farming." What that alternative might have been is not entirely clear. Nevertheless, Worster has written a provocative and extremely readable story of the most trying period in the history of the southern Great Plains. AW

R. Douglas Hurt is Curator of Agriculture at the Ohio Historical Society. He has published a number of articles on various aspects of agricultural history, including the Dust Bowl.

Ishi the Last Yahi: A Documentary History *edited by Robert F. Heizer and Theodora Kroeber (University of California, Berkeley, 1979; 250 pp., intro., illus., maps, $17.50).*

Reviewed by John E. Baur

READERS OF Theodora Kroeber's *Ishi in Two Worlds* (1961) feel a tie beyond intellectual interest to this last Stone Age California Indian, who, in 1911, was found half-starved at Oroville and thereafter lived at the University of California. In her graceful and sensitive study, Mrs. Kroeber gave us an appreciation not only of Ishi's contributions to our knowledge of prehistoric California, but traced his Yahi people's post-gold-rush tribulations with advancing white civilization south of Mount Lassen.

This newer work is a proper accompaniment to the earlier one. Its documents have the immediacy of eyewitness history and show us as much about the backgrounds of white informants as about the Yahi. Indeed, these most appropriate of editors, Theodora Kroeber and anthropologist Robert F. Heizer, are particularly concerned with cumulative effects of Caucasian attitudes toward Indians.

Collisions occurred when whites moved into isolated Yahi lands, diminishing the tribe's livelihood. Then, starving Indians stole livestock, and whites killed accessible tribesmen. This led to vengeful Indian attacks, and from 1859 to 1870, to an Anglo-American policy of extermination. The foothill-dwelling Yahis did survive four more decades, by cleverly hiding their dwindling numbers in rugged terrain.

The editors have carefully selected and introduced a diversity of sources, mostly inaccessible firsthand accounts. These include settlers' and Indian fighters' colored reminiscences, accounts by pioneer students of Indian culture, uneven reports of journalists, and post-1911 anthropological monographs on Yahi culture and on Ishi's personality, skills, adjustments to modern times, illness, and death. These readings are repetitious but seldom monotonous, because they offer rich varieties of data from differing viewpoints. The volume's intriguing photographs are themselves effective story-tellers.

Probably Ishi would have been remarkable in any culture. With impressive recall, he repeated many songs and folktales, was skilled in handicrafts, archery, and swimming, and learned quickly in a jolting, new, white environment. Some aspects of the Iron Age awed him; others he took in stride. Here was a dignified, humane, clean, polite, caring individual whom virtually all his new acquaintances liked. One inescapably contrasts him with whites who took Yahi scalps, probably of innocent tribesmen.

Ishi's chief "students," anthropologists T. T. Waterman and Mrs. Kroeber's late husband, Alfred L. Kroeber, found Ishi an "uncontaminated man," but he was more. As Edward Sapir noted, had Ishi been surly, our knowledge of his extinct people would have remained minimal.

Except for a few important mysteries, such as Ishi's true name (Ishi means "man" in Yahi) and the immediate circumstances of the deaths of his last-surviving relatives, most aspects of Ishi's culture and personality are told and retold here. AW

John E. Baur is a professor of history at California State University, Northridge. He has written numerous articles and books on the history of California, the West, and Latin America.

The Western: A Collection of Critical Essays, *edited by James K. Folsom (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1979; 187 pp., intro., biblio., appen., notes, $9.95).*

Reviewed by C. L. Sonnichsen

THE NEW ANTHOLOGY edited by Professor James Folsom of the University of Colorado provides a good overview of what the academic community has had to say about western fiction and related topics over the last half century. All but one of the writers are, or were, university professors, and they write critically and an-

alytically. The collection is divided into four parts: "Making the Hero," "Fidelity to What?," "The Foreigner's Western," and "Interpretations." David E. Davis of Yale sets the tone in "The Ten Gallon Hero," showing that the cowboy hero combines the attitudes of James Fenimore Cooper's scout with the code of the southerner. "Virgins, Villains, and Varmints," by W. H. Hutchinson, examines the genesis of the popular Western, and David Mogen unfolds the deeper implications of Owen Wister's two heroes, Lin McLean and the Virginian.

Carrying the analytical approach about as high as it will go, Max Westbrook in "The Archetypal Ethic of the Ox-Bow Incident" shows that forces in the unconscious must stimulate the rational mind before "successful action may occur."

Revealing—and irritating—is "Cowboy and Gaucho Fiction," by S. Griswold Morley. The gaucho novels, he says, are serious and even tragic, but cowboy fiction is immature and insignificant. *The Virginian* set "a vicious pattern," and "the weakest of the gaucho novels is superior to the best of our westerns."

In many ways the most valuable essay is Richard W. Etulain's "The American Literary West and Its Interpreters," which comments on the critics who first downgraded western writing and at last began to take it seriously.

A moderately knowledgeable reader will be informed but unsatisfied by these thoughtful essays, partly, at least, because of the startling contrast between Professor Davis's "timeless West" and what we are getting now. New York editors are buying "wicked westerns," loaded with explicit sex. The early English Westerns which the editor writes about are at an opposite pole from the brutal "Edge" and "Steele" series by Terry Harknett, an Englishman who writes under the name of George C. Gilman. On the book-racks we see documentary Westerns (*The Desperadoes*, 1979), Gothic Westerns (*Montana Gothic*, 1979), depressed Westerns (*Filaree*, 1979), family chronicles (*This Wild Land*, 1979), and a good many others.

Folsom undoubtedly planned a recollective volume, but an essay from *The Journal of Popular Culture* or a contribution from a New York editor on "The Western Today" would have improved the coverage. **AW**

C. L. Sonnichsen, senior editor of the Journal of Arizona History *and H. Y. Benedict Professor of English, Emeritus, of the University of Texas at El Paso, has made a specialty of western fiction, both popular and serious.*

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THE SALOON: A FRONTIER INSTITUTION

(Continued from page 17)

able ladies were available, the bar and bottles were discreetly covered and the floor cleared for the schottisch and quadrille. Between numbers there was something wet to be bought outside. On a more regular basis, some saloons offered a few women for dancing two or three nights a week, and others specialized further as a dance hall, or hurdy-gurdy. In a corner the professor slapped the ivories, and fiddlers sawed tiredly as men stomped with their partners around the room until the call of "promenade to the bar" sent them to a round of drinks at a dollar a swallow. For the customer, the hours passed quickly. For the barkeeper, the money rolled in.

Saloonkeepers showed great entrepreneurial skill in devising amusements to draw customers inside their doors. Many of these entertainments appealed to the same speculative spirit that had turned the eyes of their patrons westward. Prizefights were a special favorite. Saloon-sponsored lotteries offered cash prizes, horses and saddles, rifles, silver trumpets, and occasionally the saloon itself to the lucky winner. Any contest providing an opportunity for side bets would do—cockfights ("chicken debates"), plank-walking championships, lying contests, billiards, checkers, and pie-eating matches. One particularly resourceful owner claimed to have discovered a killer duck, which he offered to pit against the town's meanest mongrels in a battle to the death.

The most perceptive observers understood that the saloon's basic appeal was simpler. Standing with his boot on the bar-rail or leaning back in a chair, a man could find a few moments of quiet or friendly talk. "Always where men came together to exchange ideas, to laugh and boast and dare, they came together over alcohol," Jack London wrote of his extensive experience in western barrooms. "The saloon was the place of congregation. Men gathered to it as primitive men gathered about the fire of the squatting place."

Everything worked to this social purpose. The physical layout encouraged mingling and conversation. Artwork reflected common values of virility and bravado, and provided topics for talk. The ritual of "treating" established an immediate bond among strangers, who then could converse in the elaborate slang distinctive to the drinking house. Over it all presided the saloonkeeper. At his best, he kept alive the flow of talk and of trade, enlivening the proceedings with a fund of good humor and tall tales.

The sights, sounds, and impressions a man felt when he walked through the door were all meant to duplicate those of similar places in the states and elsewhere in the West. Amid an ever-moving population often dominated by unattached men, the saloon was a conservative institution, not unlike the church and fraternal lodge, that offered familiar settings, experiences, and rituals and provided the lonely with a sense of belonging, however artificial and fleeting.

Who is to say this contribution was not as important, in its way, as those of other frontier institutions? At any rate, the early-day prominence of the saloon earned for it a loyalty and appeal that later reformers found deeply frustrating. Prohibitionists would loudly condemn the human wreckage wrought by King Alcohol and the "vestibules of hell" where it was sold. They were partially right. The connection between the saloon and much of the frontier's violence, misery, and degradation was indisputable. Equally obvious was the barroom's practical role in helping to establish the frontier town and in ministering to the emotional needs of many westerners.

Not teetotalers but time and changing customs have driven the old-time, male sanctuary of the saloon, west and east, to the verge of extinction. In its place stand the cocktail lounge and the disco, as different from their predecessors as Gatorade is from Taos lightning. A few restored watering-spots live on by the grace of the tourist trade. The rest, made over into what we wish they had been, survive only in the realm of nostalgia. **AW**

Elliott West *is an associate professor of history at the University of Arkansas. In addition to writing* The Saloon on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier *(1979), he is coauthor of* Essays on Urban America *(1975) and* Essays on Walter Prescott Webb *(1976).*

THE ROMANTIC INFLATION OF PUEBLO CULTURE

(Continued from page 9)

first trip across the Southwest he got lost in heavy snow on the slopes of the Sandia Mountains and nearly died of exposure; he climbed around in the Grand Canyon until he was trapped on a ledge and had to leap backwards out into space to another narrow shelf ten feet below; and he wandered lost, without water, near delirium, in the Mojave Desert. On his return to New Mexico in 1888, he was fascinated by the Penitentes' Holy Week flagellations and crucifixion of one of their members at San Mateo, and he photographed the forbidden scene with a six-shooter on top of his camera box. He also stole one of the yucca scourges from a Penitente *morada* (place of worship) and was shot in the hat for his audacity; after this reprisal failed, a hired assassin from Mexico waylaid Lummis by night at Isleta and downed him with a shotgun, but he survived that assault, too. Lummis admitted that he courted death and tested his will as proof of manliness. The Southwest provided opportunities for him to test "the pale last landlord."

Lummis was not a sentimentalist about the Pueblo country; his Southwest was a land of exotic violence. He did not create the latter-day sentimental adulation of the

Pueblo Indians, but he drew American attention to these enticingly different people. He loved them and their land of "sunshine, silence, and adobe," and he told his readers many extraordinary things about them—including the "Fiesta de los Muertos" at Isleta, the Pueblo custom of executing witchcraft suspects, and the ceremony of the Hopi Indians who danced with live rattlesnakes in their teeth. The influence of his writing was immense.

SECOND ONLY TO LUMMIS in the promotion of interest in the Pueblo country was Edgar L. Hewett. Hewett was an archaeologist and educator, the leading institutional impressario of the Pueblo mystique—the founder and director of the School of American Archaeology in Santa Fe. He came to New Mexico as the first president of the Normal College at Las Vegas in 1898. There, on the eastern edge of the Pueblo country, he was attracted to its archaeological ruins, which he had begun to explore as early as 1893, while still a school teacher in Colorado. He organized the Archaeological Society of New Mexico "with a few enthusiasts, mostly women" in 1898, and spent his spare time digging around ruins northwest of Santa Fe, in a region he named the Pajarito Plateau. After five years he abandoned educational administration for full-time archaeology, which he pursued primarily as an institutional builder. In 1905 he obtained appointment from the prestigious American Institute of Archaeology as director of its fledgling program in American archaeology. He made an archaeological survey of Mesa Verde the following year for the Bureau of American Ethnology, with a view to the establishment of a national park. By virtue of personal contact with Congressman John F. Lacey of Iowa, chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, whom he conducted on an archaeological tour of the Pueblo country, Hewett was instrumental in drawing up and lobbying through Congress the Preservation of American Antiquities Act, or so-called Lacey Act of 1906, which was designed to check archaeological vandalism in the Southwest.

The following year, in what was the greatest tour de force of his career, Hewett succeeded in persuading the Archaeological Institute of America to establish their American school at Santa Fe, despite the absence of a university as a host institution, and despite the efforts of the University of New Mexico, as well as the archaeological society of Denver, to have the school located in their communities. What Santa Fe had to offer was propinquity to the archaeological riches of the Pueblo country, and the territorial legislature's offer of the Palace of the Governors, the oldest public building in the United States, as the headquarters for the school, together with a modest appropriation of $5,000 a year in support of its operations. Hewett rallied the commercial and political interests of Santa Fe behind the measure. He was determined to be free of university affiliation so that he could run his own show. He lobbied his friends in the Archaeological Institute of America, and despite the qualms of eastern university archaeologists, who tended to consider American archaeology unpedigreed and Hewett a politician, Santa Fe was chosen. It proved to be the making of the city.

In 1907, Santa Fe was a static community of about 5,200. The population had actually declined by twenty-four percent since 1880. The railroad to which the city lent its glamorous name had passed it by, extending only a branch line. The city was the territorial capital, to be sure, but New Mexico was too poor to afford much in government services. Santa Fe enjoyed great beauty of natural setting, and had developed architecturally since the days when it looked like a brickkiln, but its aspirations were small-city American: its civic leaders were boosters hoping for bonanza growth. Lacking industries, they welcomed tubercular patients, some of whom became community leaders once their survival was assured. The Anglo middle class had red-brick stores, red-brick cottages, and red-brick imaginations. One of the editorial suppositions of their daily newspaper, the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, was that the Indians of the West had far too much land; the editors maintained that vast reaches of that land should be thrown open for settlement: "Those Indians who could not be reconciled to more civilized modes of living might be taken to Yellowstone Park . . . which would make a good reservation for Indians and buffalo." The *New Mexican* also proposed that the Pueblo lands be taxed, which would have caused their speedy transfer to white men for nonpayment of taxes.

The inability of Santa Feans to see the unique opportunities that lay in promoting the archaeology and native culture of the Pueblo country was rectified by Hewett. One of his first achievements in 1907 was to convince civic leaders of Santa Fe that historically bona fide local color could be made profitable through his School of American Archaeology. He focused his energies upon the historic restoration of the Palace of the Governors as an architectural showpiece of the Southwest. Out in the field he developed local archaeological excavations across the Rio Grande at the Rito de los Frijoles, which included the spectacular cave-dwellings and ruins of Tyuonyi, already famous from Adolph F. Bandelier's novel, *The Delight Makers*. (This canyon became Bandelier National Monument in 1916.) Hewett called it "The Place of a Thousand Campfires." He developed the technique of holding summer encampments at the Rito; students of archaeology, visitors from abroad, artists and writers and men of public affairs participated by day in excavations and by evening in lectures on the riches of native culture. Here, too, came Charles Lummis in his green corduroy suit and moccasins, singing from his inexhaustible fund of Mexican songs and strumming the one chord he knew on a guitar, until the participants retired, some to the caves that had been dug in the soft yellow volcanic rock by the ancestors of the Cochiti Pueblo Indians. Hewett was a masterful promoter of good feelings about American archaeology, and the Rito encampments were memorable enough that they were still recalled half a century later.

Hewett's next stroke of promotional genius was to take southwestern archaeology to the greater public that could not reach Santa Fe or the Rito de los Frijoles. In 1913 the School of American Archaeology launched its own publi-

cation, *El Palacio*, a newsy, illustrated, archaeological and ethnological journal consciously modeled after the more sumptuous *National Geographic* magazine. Through personal connections with the director general of the Panama-California Exposition Company in San Diego, Hewett was instrumental in shaping the forthcoming world's fair of 1915 at San Diego toward a celebration of anthropology, archaeology, and art, with particular attention to the Southwest and to Central America; Hewett was the exposition's director of exhibits in archaeology and ethnology. California's two international fairs that year drew many thousands of easterners who saw the Southwest for the first time, en route. The Santa Fe Railway spent a quarter of a million dollars at the San Diego fair creating an entire Pueblo apartment house "as seen at Taos and Zuni," complete with Indians making pottery; and the State of New Mexico erected a handsome state building there in the pueblo style, which was duplicated permanently in Santa Fe for the Museum of New Mexico, another of Hewett's projects. With the construction of this building, a movement was launched to make Santa Fe a major art center in the Southwest, and to revive the pueblo architectural style in civic and residential construction. As Lummis remarked, "The Museum and the School are the safe and natural custodians of the Romance of New Mexico."

Hewett was also instrumental in promoting Pueblo Indian arts. He was not an ethnologist—in fact, the distinguished anthropologist A. L. Kroeber considered Hewett's weakness in ethnology a serious flaw in his archaeological skills—but he learned over the years from the Indians. At the Rito de los Frijoles he employed Tewa Indians from San Ildefonso Pueblo as shovelmen, and they took a keen interest in everything they found, helping to identify pottery specimens. The women of the Pueblo who visited the camp were also interested. Hewett urged the good potters, particularly Maria Martinez, to revive their decaying art by copying the ancient vessels. It was an uphill struggle because the pottery market was nearly all in cheap tourist bric-a-brac, but Hewett and his colleagues at the Museum of New Mexico encouraged the women by purchasing and displaying good pieces in Santa Fe. They urged acquaintances to become discriminating owners of this pottery. By 1915, Maria Martinez' work was in great demand and brought high prices. About the same time Hewett encouraged Crescencio Martinez of San Ildefonso and several other Pueblo Indians to try their hand at the novelty of watercolor painting. The resulting decorative-art portrayals of Pueblo costumes and ceremonies were very pleasing; *El Palacio* cooed over them as "the greatest art produced in America." They were widely admired as proof of the innate artistic genius of the Pueblo people.

In support of Indian arts and historical local color, Hewett helped create the annual Santa Fe Fiesta in 1919 and the annual Southwest Indian Fair in 1922, both of which drew many thousands of visitors. The Fair awarded hundreds of competitive prizes in different categories of Indian arts to promote quality and publicity alike. Altogether, Hewett had became as much interested in art and architecture as in archaeology. He had not originally intended to celebrate the Indians he met along his trail, but by 1920 he had become more responsible than any other man save Charles Lummis for awakening public interest in the culture and mystique of the Pueblos. "The Indian is by nature an artist," he said. That was the key to the entire movement of romantic Pueblo perception.

IN THE CLOSING DAYS of 1920, a discouraged social worker from California, John Collier, arrived at Taos Pueblo. Collier's discovery of the Pueblo romance came relatively late, but his claim to stand with Lummis and Hewett is a special one. He played an important role in the successful nationwide defense of the Pueblos against their despoilers, the supporters of the Bursum bill of 1922, which was designed to reduce the size of Pueblo land holdings. Collier's personal experiences laid the ground for his conversion to the Pueblo mystique. In his youth, his life was shattered by family tragedy; both parents died before he was seventeen. Despairing, he turned to the wilderness of the southern Appalachians, and there, alone on a camping trip, he underwent a dramatic religious experience. Caught in a blinding night-storm, during which a rabbit collided with him and died of fright, he remained on a ridge of the Tusquittee Balds for three days; at sundown on the third day a vision came to him in the form of a huge bird in swift flight who summoned him to join it in "the immortal effort toward creation." This was a personal cosmic vision, an affirmation of "union with *the spirit of the whole*," which he said "proved to be my life's determinant." The experience was extraordinarily similar to a traditional Plains Indian vision quest, including a solitary retreat and hilltop vigil, with omens and an animal totem, culminating in a personal vision. Collier had no tribal elders to interpret his vision, but the life-time effects of it indicate that he had received "powerful medicine," which he used in unconsciously Indian fashion for the benefit of others.

Collier as yet had no inkling how fully aboriginal were the wellsprings of his new faith. He went on to Columbia University and a career in social work in New York City, seeking to affirm his cosmic gift by helping the poor on the lower east side. He discovered ethnic community-theater as the temple of neighborhood life, and was particularly fascinated by the dramaturgy of Chinese theater and Sicilian marionette shows. But he was a recurrently thwarted social worker. Community service work in New York was victimized by political conservatism during the first World War. He moved to California in 1919, as state director of education for immigrants, but found politics there equally hostile to the support of community culture.

Over the years, whenever his jobs undermined his sense of well-being, Collier made it a practice to take his family on an extended retreat into the wilderness, usually to the Appalachians. After disappointment with his job in California, he received an invitation from an old New York friend, Mabel Dodge Stern, who had similarly abandoned urban life, to come and visit her at Taos, where she was living with an Indian. On arrival Collier went to a Red Deer Dance, which he at once perceived as a form of

community theater, "a religious creation as powerful and as subtle as ancient Greek orphic dramatic art could have been; a communal art, remotely impersonal while very passionate and very joyous." The ceremony gave him "a new, even wildly new, hope for the Race of Man." There at Taos, Collier found the true corporate, communal realization of the cosmic mystery that had been vouchsafed him in solitude and despair on the summit of the Tusquittee Balds nearly twenty years earlier. That which was born in isolation was now raised up and affirmed as living truth: men in perfect union with their fellowmen celebrated in rhythmic ecstasy their harmony with the ineffable powers of the universe.

Collier was transported with joy: at last he was home. "At twilight when the men come riding through the fields, they are singing. They are irresistible creatures, these men . . . garlanded with wild flowers, their white or red blankets thrown back on their shoulders." The pueblo, outside, "is sweet and clean with the positive sweetness of a home lived in and loved. Even the corrals of the beasts are sweet-smelling, and lovely to behold." There was "no harshness or quarreling anywhere . . . the adolescent boys and girls are the most earnest and most sweet. . . . None so young . . . and none so aged . . . that he has not a communal function, status . . . and an aristocracy of mental attitude which it is impossible either to flatter or demean." Could not white civilization, war-torn and soul-sick, dying of individualism and materialism, learn from the Pueblo Indians? Collier believed it was necessary.

Collier's interpretation of the Pueblo Indians was paralleled by other southwestern writers of the 1920s, some of them better known and more skillful writers than he, most notably Mary Austin, D. H. Lawrence, and in a special sense, Willa Cather. Theirs was the literary apogee of the romantic Pueblo movement—a movement preceded by Lummis and half-entered by Hewett. It was not a false portrayal of the Pueblos, but a selective and heightened one, intuitive, aesthetic, generous, finding no fault, glowing with empathy. Collier's richest exposition of this mystique came much later, in two books, *The Indians of the Americas* (1947) and *Patterns and Ceremonies of the Indians of the Southwest* (1949), which were not written in hindsight; he had been too busy fighting for the survival of the Pueblos and administering the Bureau of Indian Affairs to write them earlier.

Briefly, Collier's thesis was that the Pueblos were a unique survival of the pre-Columbian Americas. They were so remote on the frontier of New Spain that the Spaniards had never really conquered them or subverted their culture, and so distant from the beaten paths of the United States that the Americans had passed them by until the twentieth century, when conscientious whites came to their rescue. The Pueblos had survived with minimal changes by virtue of their close-knit conservatism, self-sufficiency, and psychic isolation from the Mexicans and Americans around them. They embodied the ancient wisdom of tribal man, whose strength lay in the submergence of ego-identity to communal identity, in social reciprocity, artistic creativity, and aesthetic communal intercourse with cosmic powers, because they believed the universe was a "living being" that required the sustained will of man for survival. Education, personality, and social institutions were all shaped toward these ceremonial, cosmic ends; the effect upon the individual was not confining but liberating.

This "spiritual culture," according to Collier, was as old as paleolithic man. In its antiquity, the Indian sense of time transcended the past and future alike; the "enduring past and enduring future" were conjoined, eliminating "linear, chronological time," with its "personal contingency [and] personal fate," and bestowing the "power to endure," socially and biologically. The Indians were one with the land, not exploiters but "co-workers with it"; they believed they were "eternal as it was eternal." Organizationally the Pueblos were sophisticated, self-governing societies, deeply democratic and self-disciplined, free of commercial motives, class subjugation, and the subservience of women. Thus they were morally superior to the Greek city-states. Their lives were constantly expressed through symbolic art—through ceremonies, dances, songs, myths, masks, pottery, weaving, and painting. From the Pueblo Indians, white Americans, imprisoned in modernity, had much to learn about the lost "greater good"; and there was hope for them, since whites, though ignorant, were excited when they witnessed Pueblo life, because of the changeless spirit that abides in all men.

Collier visited the Pueblos repeatedly during the 1920s, deepening his friendships, attending sessions of the All-Pueblo Council, advising the Indians in their struggles with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and with Congress. Through the American Indian Defense Association, which Collier launched, and through the publicity created by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, by the writers and artists of Santa Fe and Taos, and by numerous magazine and newspaper editors, the political plight of the Pueblos in maintaining their lands, water rights, and traditional culture against pressures from Washington was made known; and the sympathetic public reaction helped to turn the tide against the Pueblos' destruction.

This national interest was expressed culturally in many ways. The 1920s and early 1930s represent the full flowering of the Pueblos' romantic appeal. Popular magazines ran articles on Pueblo culture—a notable exception being *National Geographic* which was committed to the assimilation of any aborigines showing residence in the United States. At Taos and Santa Fe, the art colonies that had developed since 1900 continued their outpouring of approval on canvas, led by nationally recognized artists. The Santa Fe Railroad advertised the Pueblos through its calendars. The luxury hotels of the Fred Harvey system promoted Indian arts and crafts, as did curio shops and trading posts. The "Harvey Detours" out of Santa Fe provided limousine tours of the Pueblos and archaeological highlights, guided by a corps of two dozen attractive young women who had been trained in local archaeology and ethnology. The Museum of New Mexico and the Santa Fe Fiesta drew large and appreciative crowds, as did the Gallup Intertribal Ceremonials. Thanks to newly graded highways in the Southwest, this was a decade in which auto

tourism thrived; the Indians were easier than ever to reach, and their exotic appeal was not jaded from overexposure. For many Americans, able for the first time in their lives to take an extended summer vacation, the Pueblo Indians were as novel as the entire Southwest.

THE ROMANTIC VIEW of the Pueblos had many shortcomings. The Pueblos were less democratic than Collier thought, because of theocratic power exercised by the *caciques* (religious leaders) behind the scenes. Conservatism was not characteristic of all the Pueblos; by the 1920s, Laguna had made long strides toward modern adaptations. Social harmony was not axiomatic; Santa Clara had suffered unresolvable factionalism between its two moieties for years. The courtesy with which the Indians treated one another sprang not only from esteem but also from habits of prudence deriving from a pervasive anxiety that one's neighbor might be practicing witchcraft. The corporate worship at Taos was not all harmonious; it was unsettled in the 1920s by the rise of peyotism, a competing, alien, yet very Indian religion; and in the 1930s, Collier found himself defending the civil liberties of the Taos peyotists against the intolerance of their own conservative pueblo hierarchy. Pueblos may have been "co-workers with the land," but at Acoma their sheep severely overgrazed it, and Collier as Commissioner of Indian Affairs confounded their natural philosophy by teaching them the modern science of soil conservation. The shaping of individual personality to communal ends may have been liberating to some, but a number of Zuni soldiers in the second World War discovered that release from conformist community pressures and gossip was the kind of liberation they enjoyed. Altogether, the romantic inflation of Pueblo culture may have had a place in Pueblo ethnohistory, but it has a more suitable place in the cultural and intellectual history of the Anglos.

The Indians did not reciprocate the admiration of the whites. Most of the time they considered white people problematical. Americans of all kinds had dealings with the Pueblos, in which they demonstrated an infinite variety of manipulative purposes, from securing Indian land, grazing rights, or customers, to education, assimilation, prudery, the divulgence of esoteric knowledge, or simply taking photographs. Americans frequently got what they wanted, whether or not the Pueblos wished to accommodate them. Nearly every white man with whom the Pueblos had contact considered himself superior to them, and his attitude was patronizing at best. Very few white people measured up to Pueblo concepts of social behavior. Whites were in a hurry, they pilfered prayer-sticks for souvenirs or science, they asked impertinent questions, they acted as though money were the proper basis of human relationships. It took time for the Pueblos to sort out the Americans and decide who were their friends. Here and there genuine friendships were formed, as between Juan Rey Abeita of Isleta and Charles Lummis, or Tony Luhan of Taos and John Collier, but most Americans were not up to it. The artist John Sloan once commented that artists should approach the Pueblo Indians "not with curiosity, but with friendliness, respect and awe." Respect alone would have gone a long way in the right direction.

Not only were the true friends a minority of American contacts, they were over half a century late. When the early Americans arrived as victors over the Mexican province, they were received hospitably by most of the Pueblos, who evidently supposed that the conquerors of their conquerors were their brothers. Americans in the late 1840s were welcome guests of the Pueblos. Within a few years this changed; the Indians withdrew to themselves, and suffered progressively as their lands were settled by squatters, irrigation water was preempted, wild game was hunted out, land cover was denuded, grazing lands were invaded by alien cattle, children were commandeered for schooling, tribal health was undermined by diseases such as tuberculosis and trachoma, and religious rites were subjected to harassment. The support of their admirers in the 1920s helped to turn the tide, but the Pueblos can hardly be blamed if they failed to show due gratitude. The Anglos' newly found, uninvited appreciation of Pueblo art and ceremony was no substitute for the losses already sustained. At San Ildefonso the earnings from pottery were no substitute for the old days when the corn grew in the fields and the men stayed at home and performed the ceremonials instead of going to Colorado for work, or, staying home, got drunk on bootleg liquor. The romantic inflation, created by whites, may have been a salvage operation for both cultures, but the Pueblo Indians could have done without the premises. **AW**

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There is no satisfactory history of northern New Mexico in the American era, but the following are superior books on various aspects: William W. H. Davis, *El Gringo* (1857); Oliver La Farge, *Santa Fe* (1959); Howard Roberts Lamar, *The Far Southwest, 1846–1912* (1966); Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe* (1975); and Keith L. Bryant, Jr., *History of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway* (1974).

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Richard H. Frost *is professor of history at Colgate University and a resident fellow this year at the Center for the History of the American Indian, Newberry Library, Chicago. He is author of* The Mooney Case.

THE GREAT SPINDLETOP OIL RUSH

(Continued from page 13)

In such an atmosphere of easy money and fast deals, the con artists moved into Beaumont in such numbers that the town was soon known as "Swindletop." Companies were formed on nothing more than a lease on a quarter acre of land somewhere in Texas, and millions of dollars of fraudulent stock with an entirely fictitious value were sold to eager buyers across the nation.

Beaumont swarmed with humanity. Any space with a roof over it commanded a premium rent, and many of the officials and salesmen selling stock in the new oil companies set up office on the sidewalks, often with little more than two chairs, a packing case, and an umbrella. The town's saloons did a thriving business and never closed. Half the whiskey sold in Texas in 1901–02 was consumed in Beaumont. Every hotel room offered from four to twenty beds, the halls and lobbies were covered with mattresses, and still, men walked the streets at night because there were not enough beds. Robert E. Lee, the town barber, made several hundred extra dollars every evening renting out his twenty chairs for men to sleep in; many of those who slept there had suitcases stuffed with as much as $100,000 padlocked to their legs.

FOUR MILES SOUTH of town on "The Hill," as it came to be called, companies drilled wells so close together that there were 500 derricks on 150 acres; in one section, 200 derricks jammed 7½ acres. Derrick legs overlapped, and scaffolding was laid from derrick to derrick, so that workmen could escape in the event of a blowout or fire. Overproduction became the order of the day, and the price of oil at the wellhead soon dropped from $1.13 a barrel to three cents. Fresh drinking water, in the meantime, sold for $6.00 a barrel on The Hill. A year later when distribution problems were solved and the price of oil rose to eighty cents a barrel, many of the oil companies declared monthly dividends of twenty percent.

A scene of reckless abandon and wild disorder prevailed on The Hill. The lack of simple, safety measures resulted in giant fires which devastated the field with distressing regularity, destroying hundreds of derricks, tons of equipment, and hundreds of thousands of barrels of petroleum. *The Oil Investors' Journal* of May 24, 1902, estimated that ten million barrels of oil had been wasted at Spindletop since the Lucas gusher had come in. Promoters often opened their wells for prospective investors to treat them to the sight of a six-inch stream of oil gushing 125 feet into the air. In September of 1901, a dozen gushers were cut loose simultaneously for the benefit of 15,000 spectators, while gamblers bet on which well would spurt the highest.

Such abuses quickly ruined the field. Production dropped off dramatically within three years. When Captain Lucas returned to Spindletop in 1904 after a two-year search for oil in Mexico, the field's production had dwindled to 10,000 barrels a day. "The cow was milked too hard and she was not milked intelligently," he observed.

By then, America had entered the Age of Petroleum, and there was no turning back. The mayor of Toledo, Ohio, visiting Spindletop in January, 1901, correctly foretold the field's significance. "I think this is the greatest oil well ever discovered in the United States. Its advent means that liquid fuel is to be the fuel of the twentieth century. Smoke, cinders, ashes, and soot will disappear."

And disappear they did. Within months, American industry began a massive shift away from coal to oil to realize the immense savings involved. Three barrels of oil had the same heating value as one ton of coal and at one-fifth the cost. In June of 1901, one of the first locomotives equipped with oil burners was sold to the Gulf, Beaumont, and Kansas City Railroad; other railway companies soon followed suit in converting to oil. The conversion received additional impetus when the Southern Pacific Railroad announced it had saved five million dollars in one year through the use of oil rather than coal in its locomotives. The savings became even more dramatic when the shipping lines converted to oil, thus reducing the number of stokers from one hundred to four on the typical steamship using oil. And the lessening of soot and smoke made the trans-Atlantic crossing far more pleasant.

Spindletop encouraged the widespread use of the internal combustion engine and, by extension, the popularity of the automobile. In 1900 there were only 5,000 automobiles in the United States. By 1904 there were 22,000; the days of the horse-drawn carriage were clearly numbered.

While the influence of Spindletop was felt throughout the United States, its most direct result was the stimulation of exploratory drilling throughout Texas and Louisiana. Salt domes up and down the coast were drilled in hope of finding a second Spindletop. On January 8, 1903, the Texas Company (soon to become Texaco) brought in a gusher at Sour Lake, twenty miles northwest of Beaumont; this touched off another boom that was a repetition of Spindletop on a smaller scale. Other big fields came into line at Humble, Batson, Saratoga, and Jennings, all producing from three hundred thousand to three million barrels a month. Some of these fields proved bigger producers than Spindletop for the short term, but none was more important in its consequences.

But Spindletop was far from finished. Over the next twenty-four years, the field produced forty-nine million barrels of oil, a much reduced flow. Then on January 13, 1926, the Yount–Lee Oil Company sank a well to the 2,780 foot level on the south flank of the dome and brought in a gusher comparable to that of the Lucas number one. The new discovery started an orgy of drilling at deeper levels, and within a year, the field's production climbed from 420,823 barrels in 1925 to 14,838,218 in 1926. The second oil strike proved twice as big as the first, and over the next decade, more than seventy-five million barrels of oil were taken from Spindletop. Today the field has six sands, ranging in depth from 700 to 5,900 feet, and continues to

be an oil producer. (See the boxed insert on page 13 for a description of Spindletop today.)

Spindletop was brought about by the faith of Pattillo Higgins. Although Higgins realized substantial wealth from his discovery of 1901, he never became an oil baron. Within a few years after the first gusher, he left Beaumont to search for new fields in other parts of Texas. In 1908 he married Anna Jahn of San Antonio, a woman who shared his enthusiasm for prospecting. On January 10, 1951, Higgins returned once more to Beaumont, this time an honored guest at the city's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first strike.

Oil-drenched rancher Charley Ingalls could never have suspected the importance of his words when he rode into Beaumont late on the morning of January 10, 1901, with the first announcement of the gusher. "They've got a wild well out at Spindletop," he complained bitterly to dumbfounded passersby, "and the damn thing is ruinin' my farmland!" **AW**

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James C. Simmons *is a professor of English at San Diego State University and the author of* The Novelist as Historian *(1973) plus some fifty scholarly articles.*

TUCUMCARI TONIGHT!

(Continued from page 35)

After awhile there seems to be a kind of rhythm in the clickety-clack of the black tiles, and I hear Woody Guthrie wanging:

> *Ever' good man gets in hard luck sometime*
> *Ever' good man gets in hard luck sometime*
> *Gets down an' out*
> *Dead broke*
> *Ain't gotta dime!*

In both of these establishments, the drugstore and the Cattlemen's Club, our best journalistic efforts to get people to talk about Tucumcari's future are universally met with lively reminiscences of times past. Talk of wrangling on the plains at some of the biggest ranches in the country, talk of old brothels and how the madam got married and made good in the end, talk of gun-slingers and hard whiskey, talk of trains and hard work in the cold and rain, but never any talk about the future of Tucumcari.

"Rushin' on by, rushin' on by," replies Mildrid with a loose sweep of her arm towards the string of fast-moving trucks and truckers who had just gassed-up, eaten, perused the porno magazines, and showered at the new plastic and chrome super truck stop—the truck stop with the high sign that just happens to be located up-road from the old truck stops and exactly where the new Interstate 40 off-ramp will go in.

In her pale turquoise blouse that matched the color of the vinyl booths, Mildrid splits her time talking to us and the retired Southern Pacific railroad engineer who'd come in to pass the time and sip a cup of coffee. Outside, some road improvements have created a curb so high few truckers would care to risk the jolt it would take to pull up in front of the Fina stop.

"The new highway's just a fast way of gettin' around town," says Mildrid. "It's goin' to hurt the little people; the big guys will build out on the highway. And the people who are travelin' through? The old timers that know the country will come on into Tucumcari; the new people, the kids—I don't know what they'll do."

The engineer remembers the town from another era when the focus was on the big railroad terminal with all its services and all its jobs. "There used to be eleven hotels downtown then. They're all gone—closed, or burned down, or torn down. Nice old redrock buildings too. Eighty-five local people moved out with the railroads."

"I just do my job here and go home," Mildrid sighs, "don't think about it. Don't think about what's goin' to happen here."

The truth is it's difficult to find anyone in Tucumcari who does think about it, or at least anyone who admits what he really sees when he does think about it. Most people will tell you the bypass won't hurt all that much, that Tucumcari will rally, will attract industry, will find ways to draw people into town. They'll tell you that people will still drive off the highway to find a quiet place to stay.

Jene and his wife Earline who run Jene's Tee Pee Curio and Souvenir Shop in the middle of town and right on Route 66 have a less sanguine view of the future. "When the travelers hit the Holiday Inn goin' sixty miles an hour and there's four lanes open ahead of them, they're movin' on. They won't stop, we won't see them," Jene says. "Look at Grants, New Mexico, and the other little towns up and down this highway that've been bypassed. You don't even know you've missed 'em until you've passed 'em. And we can't even advertise on the highway, thanks to Lady Bird Johnson. Sure, certain businesses can advertise, but others can't, and that means the little guys like me are out.

"The government came around here and asked if anyone was being discriminated against in this highway project. I said, 'Yes, I am.' I make my living off the tourists just like a campground, but I can't tell anyone out on the highway I'm still here. The highway signs are exclusive. You have to have gas or food. You have to be located a certain distance from the off-ramp, and open so many hours a

day. You have to have a rest room, a telephone—it's exclusive, alright. It excludes little guys like me from earning a living."

Out at the east end of town at the Holiday Inn, which happens to be located near another planned Interstate 40 exit, motel manager Ignacio is reluctant to talk. When he does, he says he thinks "the bypass will bring business to town. Why not?" he queries, "unless the city fathers let that damn town die. We need to put more tourism money in here. We've got to have job opportunities, but these people here are always going back to their old ideas." When asked to name what these old ideas are, Ignacio cannot think of any, but he insists Tucumcari needs "Publicity! Attractions!" When we ask him if the motels in town are any competition to him, he smiles with a raise of the eyebrows and says: "My competition isn't here; it's in Albuquerque, Santa Rosa, or Oklahoma. These low-rent signs at the motels in Tucumcari make this a garbage town. We have lower rates here than elsewhere along this highway, and it makes the place look cheap."

LILLIAN'S BLUE SWALLOW might be called a low-rent motel, but the place is clean and neat, and her pride of ownership is evident to anyone who takes a little time to talk to Lillian in the Blue Swallow lobby—really just another room off her kitchen. Lillian will tell you she's been in this motel business for twenty years, and before that she did "restaurant work" in Tucumcari. In 1916, she came to New Mexico from Clifton, Texas, in a covered wagon. As soon as she was old enough, she helped work the homestead her father staked a claim on that year. Lillian says her family came with horses, a cow, and some chickens, and that their covered wagon had a stove in it for cooking.

"We camped out at night," she remembers. "It was beautiful out on the plains. And when we got our claim we lived in a dugout. I wasn't old enough to go to school, and neither was my brother. My parents worked out in the fields, and I cooked the meals. I was five then. My mother would get beans, cornbread, and biscuits ready to cook before she left for the fields, and I'd have them ready when she and my father came in. We cooked mostly at night, I remember, because it was hot during the day. Before we got the dugout built, we set the wagon on the ground, and that was our bedroom. The tent we carried with us was our living room.

"It's hard to believe today, but a box was a luxury in those times, a real premium item. There wasn't no wood, so we burned cow chips for fuel. When we wanted to visit our neighbors, we'd think nothing of walking a mile over the plains. I remember one time, on one of those visits we were walking along, and all of a sudden we heard this squealing and commotion coming up behind us. It was our pig. She had broken down her pen and was racing across the plains behind us. Did we laugh. Those were beautiful times."

One of the other chores she and her brother did, Lillian recalls, was going to the store for provisions. "My mother would pack us on the horse with a note to the general store and post office," she says. "We were too little then to really ride, and we couldn't get on or off the horse by ourselves. My brother would ride in a carrying sack hung on one side of the horse, and I'd be on the other side. The horse knew the way to the store and post office, and he just went. The reins would be hooked on the saddle handle, and the horse would go straight for the store.

"At the store the lady would unload us, give us a drink of water and always something special, just for us. Then she'd load the provisions my mother had ordered, pack us up again with the things we'd bought, turn the horse around, and point him towards our dugout. With a pat on the back she'd send him off. My mother'd be waiting for us." Lillian's mother and father, about to celebrate their sixty-ninth wedding anniversary, are still living in Tucumcari.

In recent years, Lillian has had some help with the work at the motel. A man came for a night, and he's been at the Blue Swallow for two years now. "He was from Ohio, on his way to visit his grandchildren in California," Lillian explains. "He keeps saying he's going back to Ohio for a visit, but then he never does. He's a help to me." As we talk, Lillian has to get up to close the door. The roar of the big trucks on the highway just a few steps away is deafening. A huge, reticulated grasshopper jumps and jumps against the window. Soon the sound of the big trucks will be gone from the Blue Willow door, and Lillian will be able to hear the grasshopper. Maybe the man from Ohio will stay on. Maybe he'll finally go back to Ohio.

The Blue Swallow Motel was our last stop in Tucumcari before we headed out to the hot highway for the long run back to Tucson. Just before we left, Lillian thrust a card into our hands. It said:

Greetings traveler—may this room and motel be your "second" home. May those you love be near you in thoughts and dreams. Even though we may not get to know you, we hope that you will be as comfortable and happy as if you were in your own house.
We are all travelers. From "birth till death" we travel between eternities. May these days be pleasant for you, profitable for society, and helpful for those you meet, and a joy to those who know and love you best.

No word about rates, no pitch for color TV or ice, no swimming pool, just a little note from a lady who came into the country behind a covered wagon sixty-two years ago, who's been putting people up for the night for twenty years, making "Tucumcari Tonight" worth driving that extra few miles for.

When Lillian turns on the neon blue swallows one of these nights soon, you won't even be able to see the place from Interstate 40. **AW**

Editor's Note: The Interstate Route 40 freeway bypass around Tucumcari is scheduled for completion in 1981.

Thomas W. Pew, Jr. *is a free-lance writer, based in Tucson, Arizona, who specializes in writing about people and places in the Southwest that are being overwhelmed by the forces of development. His work has appeared in* Smithsonian, American Heritage, *and* Country Journal.

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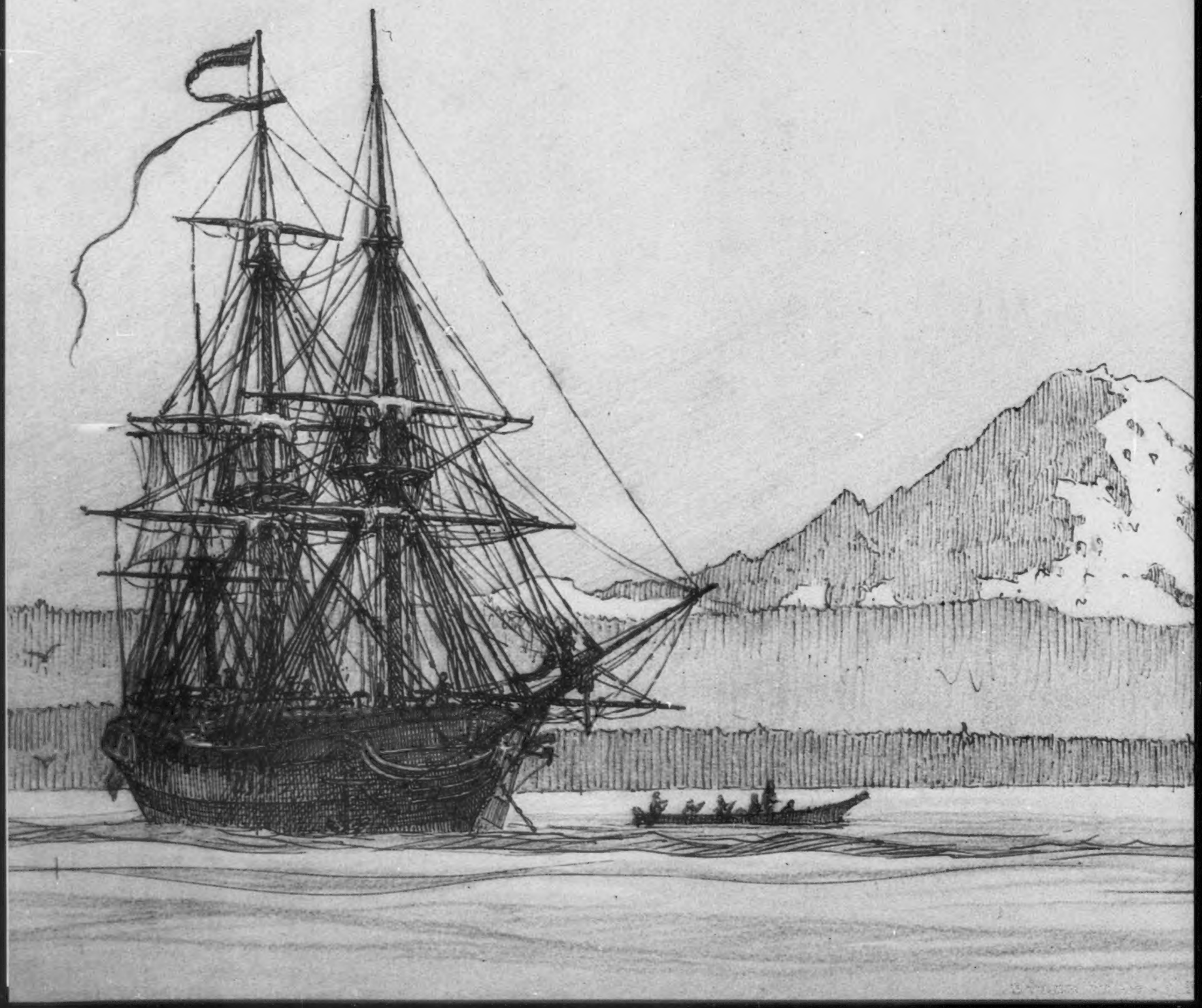
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